

LEND A HAND

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PERSONS interested in industrial education are beginning to be accustomed to the use in the English language of the word Sloyd. It is a word which we borrow from the Swedish, where it is spelled slöjd. It has the same root in the old Northern languages as our word "sleight," where we speak, for instance, of sleight of hand. The name in Sweden has come to be attached to schools, which they call slöjd schools, and principally to what they call wood-slöjd. In Sweden wood-sloyd is now practiced in 800 national schools, and it has been introduced into the secondary schools for boys, and is now adopted in the principal schools for girls.

The object of sloyd is stated in an essay by Miss Chapman to be to implant respect and love for work in general, even for the coarser forms of honest manual work, to develop activity, foster order, cleanliness and neatness, at the same time that it develops the physical powers, encourages attention, and trains the eye and the sense of order.

Sloyd, then, represents in the language of education those processes by which we train the hands and eyes of children, as well as their brains. It does not go so far as that technical training which makes a journeyman, or fits a person for the processes of a trade.

Sloyd is to be undertaken, not by an artisan, but by a trained teacher, who understands education and children. Miss Chapman thinks it is better that it should be the same teacher who takes the other school subjects. The object of sloyd is not to turn out young carpenters of any grade of training, but to develop the faculties, and especially to give general dexterity, "which will be useful, whatever line of life the pupil may afterward follow."

For the preparation of teachers for this manual instruction, now so general in Sweden, a normal school was founded in 1872 by Mr. Abrahamson, a wealthy merchant of Gothenburg, who established the school on his own beautiful estate, about an hour by rail from Gothenburg, on the main line between that city and Stockholm. He dedicated it to the memory of his wife, to whom he was dearly attached and who was very fond of the place where the school is. The building of the seminary is a picturesque timber building, in the old Norwegian style. Below, there are work-rooms, fitted with benches and tools, a large lecture-room, sitting-rooms for the gentlemen who are pupils, and for the ladies, and a room for the models and finished work. Up-stairs are bedrooms for thirty men. Beside this building there is a "Friend's Home" close by, where the ladies who are students live. The ladies make a small proportion only of those in attendance on the course.

In this picturesque and pretty place four sloyd courses are given, two in the sum-

mer and two in the winter. Each course lasts six weeks. The time is so short that the hours are crowded quite full. One hour is given to a lecture on the subject involved in the work of the day. After this the pupils work at the benches from half-past eight in the morning till one, and two hours in the afternoon. In the evening there are full discussions and conversations on the work of the day. It is thought that a course of six weeks is sufficient to enable a teacher to take charge of children in sloyd in a common school; but many return for a second course, and any who wish to do so are permitted to.

WITH such training and experience in the methods of manual instruction, the teacher returns to his or her school. The reader will observe that the system proposes to train all children and children of both sexes. The children are trained to make such things as shall be of use at home, and they attempt nothing that they cannot finish without help. It follows, almost, that the articles are made of wood only, no varnish or polish is used, and the scheme requires that as little material as possible shall be used. The children work, however, both in hard wood and in soft wood. But little use of the turning-lathe is made, and there is little carving. An effort is made, however, to develop the sense of form and beauty in the choice of the model. In order to do this, some curved articles are made, such as spoons and ladles. These are executed with a free hand, and chiefly by eye. It is intended that as the pupils work through the whole series they shall learn the use of all the more important tools. In the choice of models, care is to be taken that each one prepares for the next.

To most of the instructors in our own schools where any manual training has been introduced, all this will savor a little of kindergarten processes, and they will be tempted to speak of it as if it were rather baby-work. We shall soon have an opportunity of seeing sloyd practically applied in this country, for Mr. Fallen, a gentleman who has passed through the training of the school we have described, proposes to establish in one of our cities a school for teachers of sloyd. At the same time that we receive Miss Chapman's account of the Swedish sloyd, we receive from Mr. Eddy, the superintendent of the wood-working department of the North Bennet Street Industrial School, in Boston, his admirable "Elementary and Progressive Studies in Wood-work." We are disposed to think his exercises are carried farther than the exercises in sloyd, and that they do more to prepare the pupil for practical work, should he have at the West perhaps to raise his own house, or at least to make his wife an ironing-table, or himself a book-case. We could wish that all persons who have any form of industrial school under their charge might procure and study Mr. Eddy's forty-one exercises. They are admirably illustrated, on well-drawn cards, large enough to be of practical use in the school-room, and take the pupil, by easy stages, from the use of the chalk-line and the try-square, in the beginning of his work, to the careful adjustment of blind mortise and tenon joints, half dovetail joints, and other such mysteries of quite elaborate joiner's work. These studies may be procured by addressing a line to Mr. Eddy, at the North Bennet Street School, in Boston.

LORD BRABAZON, who is now the Earl of Meath, has just now published a book, containing his own studies and those of other persons, first on physical and industrial training, then on industrial and technical training. This makes a volume of very great value for all those who have seen the necessity of extending the range of common-school training, as common-school instruction is generally known. The information with regard to sloyd, which we have condensed above, is taken from Miss Chapman's paper in the second series of this valuable volume. The book includes our own Mr. Auchmuty's paper on trade-schools, and some other American articles.

It is, of course, principally directed to the consideration of the subject as applied to the English schools; but the reader will find in it a great deal of information about the German, French and Belgian schools, with regard to which, in this country, we have very vague ideas. So far as we understand, in England and on the continent alike, they are as backward as we are in substituting anything thorough for the much lamented apprenticeship of old time. So far, the direction of technical education seems to have been on one of two sides. It either trains men who are to direct workmen, or, on the other hand, it gives boys and girls, too, a certain taste and knack in manual labor as sloyd does. Very few of the enterprises have done what Mr. Auchmuty's schools in New York attempt and perform; that is to say, very few of them train persons who have no training elsewhere so that they can obtain employment as journeymen, and do their work as journeymen fairly well.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

BY TUDOR WILLIAMS.

IN the medical art the prevention of disease is deemed even more essential than the cure. The symptoms of a disorder may be allayed and still the exciting cause or causes may remain, ready to work mischief on the same or other patients. A case of typhoid fever or diphtheria may yield to skillful treatment, while, all around, may continue to exist the conditions in stagnant water or foul habitations that gave rise to the malady. To make perfect work of it the sanitarian should not stop at the healing of individuals, after sickness has broken out, but should destroy the sources of infection and peril.

A similar provision holds good in the realm of philanthropy. Not only should the amelioration of social evils be undertaken, but also the removal of their effective causes should be attempted. It is not enough, for instance, that the hungry

should be fed and the naked clothed, as they press upon us with their piteous appeals. These, it is true, are duties which cannot be, and which no one desires to have, shirked. But, beyond the limit of mere relief of urgent wants, the true philanthropist will proceed to the endeavor to dispel poverty. He will seek to make the needy self-supporting by procuring for them chances to labor, thus transforming the burdeners and suppliants of society into industrious and self-respecting producers. Again, it does not suffice that we merely affix penalties to the sporadic acts of crime, using no other deterrent of criminality than dread of the law. The moral reform of the criminal should be earnestly aimed at, and the environs amid which vice and wickedness flourish should be so altered and improved as to foster virtue and good citizenship.

While sparsely settled localities are not exempt, the chief breeding places of wrong-doing and depravity are the overcrowded purlieus of our cities. Excessive competition for the means of subsistence has resulted in abject indigence. Human beings are herded together in dismal and unhealthful domiciles until, in despair of a better lot, they become brutal and vulgar. The temptations to theft and immorality are peculiarly strong in the "slums" and the wonder is, not that so many fall, but that so many have the endurance to withstand the ever-persuasive influences of evil. An efficient and radical philanthropy will take into account the circumstances which promote this undesirable state of affairs. It will venture at the depletion of population in too densely inhabited districts by the transfer of individuals and colonies to communities offering more space and breathing room, where nature's resources are more readily accessible to all. Were it possible to remove 100,000 of the poorest class from New York city, and to keep them out, populous as is that metropolis, who can doubt that a most material and perceptible benefit would accrue to those remaining?

The most fruitful and constant source of social misery and crime is to be found in intoxicating drink. The curse of liquor is direfully and daily depicted in the public press and is felt oppressively in 10,000 homes. Its detriment to society is simply incalculable, and philanthropy is unceasingly called upon to cor-

rect its baleful effects. Yet what is the reformatory element in the community doing towards the nullification of this monstrous harm? In the Empire state, for example, the liquor seller is taxed for his license; he is made liable, theoretically rather than practically, to prosecution for selling at certain hours, for keeping his place open on Sunday, for dealing out his vile beverages to minors, or habitual drunkards, when warned by the latter's friends. The imbibor himself is subject to fine and brief imprisonment for drunkenness, and to severer punishment for felonious acts performed when he is inflamed and made partly or wholly irresponsible by strong drink.

These are all important and necessary legal provisions and are to be commended and enforced in lieu of anything better. But neither mild legal restriction nor gentle moral suasion goes directly or effectively to the root of the evil. A live and sincere philanthropy will not rest satisfied with building levees to resist the ravages of the "river of rum," or providing boats and life-preservers for the rescue of its victims. It will demand that the fountain-head and the tributaries of the stream be made dry and evermore harmless. However earnestly it may advocate the enactment of restrictive measures, its ultimate object must perforce be the strictest prohibition.

Genuine philanthropy cannot contentedly or consistently contemplate any alternative to the final abolition of the liquor traffic—the most pernicious item in the world's entire commerce.

I AM not at all sure that Abraham Lincoln did not live longer than Methuselah. In point of experience, results, acquisitions, enjoyment and sorrow—in all that makes up life, save the mere factor of time—I am not at all sure that the antediluvians were not the children, and the men of this generation the aged patriarchs.—
Our Country.

EDEN REVISITED.

BY JAMES C. REEVES.

A FEW years ago one of our most delightful writers published a little serial entitled "Driven back to Eden." It appeared in a juvenile magazine, and, like most of this author's work, was a story with a moral, and was most excellent reading for old and young. It recited the condition of a man of limited means, with a growing family dependent upon him, toiling year after year in the routine work of a city office. As he grew older he found his cares, responsibilities and expenses growing, and wholly out of proportion to his financial advancement. In this strait his thoughts recurred to the country, where his boyhood had been spent, and back to it finally the accumulated torments of city life drove him; there, the roses returning to the cheeks of his wife, the sturdy growth of his children, the freer moral and physical atmosphere for himself, combined with a prosperity to which he had long been a stranger, all tended to convince him that, in being driven back to the tilling of the ground, he had been literally "Driven back to Eden."

At the time that this story fell under the writer's observation, he was seriously contemplating the abandonment of all pursuits for which his education and training had fitted him, with the intention of devoting himself to agriculture; and it may have had some determining influence in that direction.

There are now doubtless throughout the country many men, young or advancing toward middle age, who find they have chosen or adopted from force of circumstances an uncongenial occupation; or who find the demands of commercial life too exhausting; or preferment too

slow; or in the cities they are too cramped in their social environments.

Such men, in looking about for means toward a different and more satisfactory way of life, often consider the country but only as an impossible Eden; unused to manual labor, unfamiliar with the simplest facts in the work of a farmer, and ignorant as children of all the processes of husbandry, it would indeed seem a hazardous experiment. But, if there is any reader of these papers who will try the venture, we shall endeavor to give such a one some suggestions which may be an aid.

"Over the Alps lieth thine Italy." To the tired worker at a city desk come every now and then, in the pages of his favorite magazine, or in the columns of his daily paper, roseate accounts of the orange groves of Florida or the vineyards of southern California; or perhaps they tell of the golden harvests of our great northwest, until it seems that in these favored regions the baser element of toil is eliminated from the struggle with mother earth. A sifting of these reports and a personal examination of the ground will usually reveal the fact that in these and kindred projects *capital* must take the place of *labor*; and that an orchardist or bonanza wheat grower is only the manager or proprietor of a *business*, though different in kind from that with which he is familiar. Still, overlooking that which lies nearest his hand, the seeker after "a little spot of ground" may turn toward the much-advertised "new south." Here the argument is that land is cheap and productive; and that, in addition to the annual harvest, the farmer will gain in the rise of land values. This may hold

good in some cases; but in the main, if the land is sufficiently near a market to make ordinary farming or market gardening or fruit culture really *profitable*, it has already attained a value that will not admit of extraordinary chances for a speculation. In one respect, however, the south has an advantage in agriculture; out-door work can be done throughout the year, and one engaged in diversified farming can have some crop under progress at every season. This would also be a recommendation to one in pursuit of health, as the beneficial effect of out-door labor would suffer no cessation.

Coming nearer home, let us see what can be done under ordinary conditions in the older settled farming communities of the eastern or central states. For this purpose we must have a unit in the amount and value of land and of the capital to be invested. A farm of one hundred (100) acres will best represent the former and an average valuation would perhaps be sixty-five (65) dollars per acre. Few beginners, however, will wish to invest this amount; nor, if it were at their command, would such a course be advisable. Desirable farms can be rented or leased in almost every township, either upon a basis of a share of the crops, or for cash. If rented upon shares, the owner usually reserves the privilege of dictating what crops shall be grown; if for cash, the renter is freed from all restrictions in that respect, except that he shall not crop the ground so heavily as to impoverish it, and it will often be found that it is cheaper to rent a good farm for cash than it would be to own it.

To illustrate: the ownership of such a farm as above indicated would cost annually, for interest (at seven per cent), four hundred and fifty (450) dollars; for taxes and insurance upon buildings, probably seventy-five (75) dollars; and for repairs, fences, drains, etc., probably seventy-five (75) more; making a total of six hundred (600) dollars, while the same farm could often be leased for four hun-

dred, or not to exceed five hundred dollars per annum. Now for the capital required, let us begin with a cash rental of five hundred (500) dollars; four (4) good work horses, four hundred (400) dollars; harness, fifty (50) dollars; farm wagon, seventy-five (75) dollars; seed drill, corn drill, plows, cultivator, harrow, etc., say two hundred (200) dollars. To this should be added a sufficient sum (supposing that occupancy took place at the usual time—*i. e.*, the beginning of spring) to cover the expenses for labor, seed, feed for stock, family provision and other incidentals, through seed time and harvest.

About eight months expense should thus be provided for, say four hundred (400) dollars; some stock (besides the working horses) should be had, but it would be well to commence with a small amount and increase it as the capacity of the farm for pasture and winter feeding was ascertained. Altogether the sum of two thousand (2,000) dollars would be an ample capital, provided the farm was to be self-supporting from the beginning. Now let us see whether it would be so, or, rather, whether a novice could really hope to "make it pay." An ordinary disposition of the land would be about as follows: for woodland and permanent pasture, twenty (20) acres; meadow, ten (10) acres; wheat, twenty-five (25) acres; oats, fifteen (15) acres; corn, thirty (30) acres.

Upon good land, an average season and good cultivation these crops should yield of hay ten (10) tons; wheat, four hundred (400) bushels; oats, four hundred and fifty (450) bushels; corn, twelve hundred (1,200) bushels. After providing for wintering a fair amount of stock there could be sold say four hundred (400) bushels of wheat; at eighty cents per bushel equal to \$320.00. Oats, 250 bushels at thirty-two cents equals eighty dollars. Corn, 1,000 bushels at thirty-five cents equals \$350.00. If stock enough was kept to consume all the hay, the corn fod-

der and the balance of the grain, and to make the best use of the pasture, the sales from that source should reach two hundred (200) dollars. Making a total income of nine hundred and fifty (950) dollars.

Now what are the expenses? It will be supposed that the garden will produce all vegetables needed for both summer and winter use; and that the meat consumed will be grown upon the farm, which with the home supply of poultry, eggs, milk and butter would reduce the necessary expense for sustenance to a very small amount.

Rent would be the first item of outlay, five hundred dollars. Then labor, which should be provided for at the beginning of the season by hiring a regular farm hand for nine (9) months at say fifteen (15) dollars per month, making one hundred and thirty-five (135) dollars. In addition to this, fifty (50) dollars would probably cover all needful extra labor, unless the proprietor himself were wholly unable to take a portion of the regular work during plowing and seeding; in which case an extra hand would be needed during that time. Blacksmith bills and incidental repairs might amount to fifty (50) dollars. I have not estimated any outlay of capital for mower or harvesting machines, as I consider it cheaper for the small farmer (*i. e.*, the farmer growing a small area of grass or grain) to hire machines for harvesting than to be at the expense of interest and repairs by owning them.

Consequently there must be added to the annual expense: cutting ten (10) acres of grass at fifty cents equals five dollars, and cutting forty (40) acres of grain at seventy-five (75) cents equals thirty dollars. Thus we have an annual expense of seven hundred and seventy (770) dollars against an income of nine hundred and fifty (950) dollars.

This does not leave a very ample margin for family expenses and profits. Yet,

if it were a question of regaining health, or of putting one's family amid pleasanter surroundings, most men might afford to spend a few years of their life in this pursuit. It is our belief, however, that a better financial showing than the above can be made, and after detailing some of the obstacles that a beginner in farming will be certain to encounter, and pointing out methods of avoiding or overcoming them, we will pass to the consideration of such a course as should result in getting a better profit from the land.

A given body of land comprising one hundred (100) acres will usually present a diversity of soils, so that one portion will be more desirable for certain crops or purposes than another; an analysis of the theory of rotation of crops would not be within the scope of this article; here we can hardly do more than suggest that the growing of one crop continuously upon the same ground for successive years tends toward the speedy exhaustion of the soil. Upon taking possession of the farm it would be well to secure a plan of the fields, showing what crops had been grown upon each for from three to five years previous. This, in connection with the reading of any good agricultural work, would enable you to plan your seeding to the greatest advantage. In the spring there will be a natural eagerness to commence work early. Here will be needed some knowledge as to the mechanical condition of the soil. Much may be lost by stirring it too early, while yet wet and heavy. In this no general rule can be laid down, except to have everything in readiness, and be guided by watching those about you. Ordinarily it will not do to depend greatly upon the "hired man" for advice; he will usually know what you wish to do, and will fall in readily with your ideas instead of advancing any of his own. In matters of seeding and cultivating, however, your man will doubtless be able to give all needful information, as a certain routine method is usually observed among

the farmers of any certain district. It is with the approach of harvest, more than in any other season, that the lack of practical knowledge and of experience will prove embarrassing.

The first thing to be determined is the exact time when the grain is in proper condition for harvesting to begin. With wheat and oats probably it would be best to rely upon the advice of some intelligent neighbor. With corn, first must be determined the ultimate disposition of both grain and fodder. If the fodder is not to be saved for winter use, the problem is very simple; then the corn is left standing as it grew, until thoroughly ripe and dry, then husked and put in the granary, and cattle turned into the field to get what they may from the remaining stalks and leaves. But during the past generation farmers have begun to value corn fodder too highly to dispose of it in this manner. The best method of realizing its full value is to cut the stalks as soon as the corn is sufficiently matured; let it stand in small bundles, or shocks, securely tied, throughout the field; then when cured enough to be safe from mildew the shocks are thrown down, the corn husked out, and the fodder again tied up in bundles of a size convenient for handling, and brought into the barn. The proper handling and feeding of this valuable forage plant is one of the great economic features, where any amount of stock is kept through the winter.

Now as to the amount and kinds of stock to be kept. While it is true that the keeping of a good quantity of stock will surely improve the fertility of the soil, yet the greatest error a young farmer can fall into is that of keeping too much; and whenever, by natural increase, or otherwise, it reaches a point where he cannot feed from the products of his own soil, or cannot comfortably house and care for his stock in winter, the balance is on the wrong side. Cattle and hogs are the principal stock of the vast majori-

ty of farmers; yet so long ago as fifteen hundred thirty-four (1534) Fitzherbert wrote, in his "Book of Husbandry," "because that shepe, in myne opynyon, is the mooste profytablest cattell that any man can have, therefore I pourpose to speake fyrst of shepe."

Probably a few of each will return a better profit, under the conditions of diversified farming, than if only one kind were kept.

Now that we have briefly outlined the conditions, needs, expenses and presumable profits of a farmer's life as shown by an average example, let us see how it can be changed for the better. We will premise that for a man reared to clerical or sedentary occupations, a student or lover of books, there will be little enjoyment in following the plough, or in the heavy labor of a grain harvest. A certain pleasure, it is true, every man finds in change; and the wholesome freedom of country life would be here. But a brain-worker, who would carry his habits of observation and inquiry with him into the new life, and by their aid further the ends that the toil of his hands aims at, will need something more minute. A man who would find the plough a burdensome companion might take a serious and wholesome delight in a hoe, in a spading-fork, or pruning-knife. And so we come to the occupations of the market-gardener and the fruit-grower. Here, with wholly new premises, we will first consider the location, capital and qualifications desirable for a market-gardener. Yet we will not limit ourselves to this in its strictest sense, but in combination with the work of a small farmer.

The small farmer, intending to combine the work of gardening with enough of grain-growing to feed his own stock, and enough stock, besides horses, only to consume his surplus products, can commence almost anywhere and at any time. The most favorable location would be near a flourishing small town. Here secure by purchase or lease say twenty (20)

acres of good ground furnished with suitable buildings. This should be had easily at an annual rental not exceeding two hundred (200) dollars. Then stock it as follows: Two (2) horses = \$200.00. Two (2) good fresh milch cows with their calves, eighty dollars. Six (6) pigs = fifteen dollars. Twelve (12) fowls = three dollars. One medium weight spring wagon = seventy dollars. Plow, light harrow, harness, cultivator and complete outfit of gardening tools, say, = \$150.00. Making the complete outlay somewhat over \$500. Here the provision for feed, labor and family maintenance need not be so heavy as in the former instance, as crop returns by midsummer should be ample to meet current expenses.

One thousand (1,000) dollars would probably be sufficient to meet all contingencies and to help carry over a possibly unprofitable first year. Thus the apparent advantages, in the beginning, which the farmer upon the twenty (20) acre tract will have are: 1, smaller capital invested; 2, smaller operating expense to provide for; 3, quicker returns from his labor. Now let us see how this land can be used to the best advantage. It would be easy to mark out more work than could possibly be performed with the means at command, even upon this comparatively small tract. We will first provide for the sustenance of the stock by presuming that the place contains at least five (5) acres of timothy or clover meadow, which can be used for pasturage throughout the season, and to better profit than by saving it for hay. Another five (5) acres should go into corn and oats, in equal parts. The remaining ten (10) acres (which should be as nearly square as possible or convenient) should be carefully plotted before commencing work, with a view to getting on it the largest amount possible of such crops as will pay best for the amount of land and labor required, and yet disposed to such an advantage that the work may

be carried on continuously throughout the season, without crowding too severely at any time. Now to do this will be a problem of no little interest. One of the best helps that could be found toward determining it would probably be your local grocer. He at least could give you an idea of the comparative demand for each article of produce. A study of the seed catalogues of reliable dealers would also be advisable at this time; the practical directions therein, and information as to time and manner of planting, are often more concise and explicit than can be obtained elsewhere. Here we can only briefly comment upon these points. We will suppose the vegetable ground to be, as suggested, a rectangle comprising ten (10) acres, or measuring say about five hundred (500) by nine hundred (900) feet. Among the very first things to be put into the ground in the spring are potatoes for early market and for this we would suggest fifteen rows, three (3) feet apart and five hundred (500) feet long. This would take about half an acre of ground. Then follow in the order named and in parallel rows, about as follows: Five (5) rows of early radish; five (5) of lettuce; five (5) of early dwarf peas; five of beets; five (5) of parsnips; ten (10) rows each of early, medium and late sweet-corn; ten (10) of early cabbage; five (5) of late peas; five (5) of early wax beans; five (5) rows of onion sets; ten (10) of tomato plants; five (5) of cucumbers; five of late wax beans; twenty (20) of medium late cabbage. This will complete the early and medium early plantings, and will require about one-third of the ground. The remainder might be divided as follows: one (1) acre to sweet potatoes; two (2) acres to late Irish potatoes; one (1) acre to late cabbage, and the remainder (about two (2) acres) to white marrowfat beans. These are all crops easy of culture and requiring no especial practice or difficult handling in order to grow them successfully; and all will be

found easy of sale in any ordinary market. After the earlier vegetables are disposed of, the land will be in good condition to fit for a second crop; here celery and carrots will be found very profitable. After the middle of July, turnips may be sown upon any space, large or small, as it becomes vacant. Early peas, sown about August 1st, will often pay well for a late market; also a late planting of cucumbers, to be used for pickling. The oat-ground, if it can be made ready by the middle of July, should be to millet, which produces largely and makes excellent feed for milch cows. If the oat-ground cannot be had in time, take the ground that was used for early potatoes, or other vacant places. With one or two acres of millet hay, all of the corn fodder (the sweet-corn should be cut and shocked as soon as each piece is cleared of marketable ears) and the two and a half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) acres of oats, the latter not threshed, but fed to the horses in sheaves, there should be no danger of shortage for winter feed. But in addition to the above the garden land will yield a large amount of refuse stock, such as small potatoes, carrots, turnips, sweet potatoes, etc., which are good for all kinds of stock, especially when cooked. Bean vines are also relished by sheep and cabbage leaves by cows, but the latter should not be fed to milch cows in any considerable quantity.

Now, having drawn an outline of the crops to be cultivated, let us see if we can approximate the income from them. This will not be so easy to do as in the case of grain farming, as much depends upon the manner of marketing. The most profitable method would doubtless be for the proprietor, or a trusty employee, to retail the entire produce from a market wagon, which, making its daily rounds, would very soon be able to establish a regular route of customers. In small or medium sized towns, also, arrangements can usually be made with a grocer or butcher to handle green produce

on commission, which will materially lessen the labor of marketing, and save nearly the constant employment of one horse and one man. We will here figure on the former basis; and in making totals will not go into elaborate details, but take an average yield for the amount of ground used for each crop, and an average retail value of the crop.

Early Potatoes: 100 bushels, value,	\$ 75.00
" Radishes: 2,000 bunches, "	50.00
" Lettuce: 2,000 heads, "	25.00
" Peas: 50 bushels pods, "	25.00
" Beets: 1,000 bunches, "	30.00
Parsnips: 50 bushels, "	25.00
Sweet Corn: 1,000 dozen, "	100.00
Early Cabbage: 2,000 heads, "	100.00
Late Peas: 50 bushels pods, "	20.00
Early Beans: 50 " " "	20.00
" Onions: 2,500 bunches, "	75.00
Tomatoes: 100 bushels, "	50.00
Cucumbers: 500 dozen, "	50.00
Late Beans: 50 bushels, "	15.00
Medium Cabbage: 3,000 heads, "	150.00
Total,	\$810.00

Thus the crops sold directly from market wagon should bring, in round numbers, eight hundred (800) dollars. Supposing all later crops were shipped direct to the nearest city market; and, figuring on an average yield and average wholesale price, we should have in addition:

150 bushels Sweet Potatoes at \$.50	\$ 75.00
300 " Irish " " .40	120.00
5,000 heads Cabbage " .03	150.00
50 bushels Beans " 2.00	100.00
Total,	\$445.00

And there should be sold from this farm each year at least one hundred (100) dollars worth of stock; so that an income of thirteen hundred and fifty (1,350) dollars is wholly within the realm of probabilities. Nor is any account here made of second crops, which will often pay the entire season's expense. Turnips, celery, carrots and peas are the chief of these. A much closer use can also be made of the ground, as for instance: radishes may be planted between the potato rows, and sold off before the first cultivating of the potatoes. Various methods of increasing the profit,

and of making every foot of ground pay to the utmost, will occur to the observant gardener as he watches the various operations of a single season; and a close perusal of the best agricultural periodicals will afford many useful hints. The expenses connected with this method of farming are, as before stated, very small in comparison with the returns. Two good men besides the proprietor, who as a beginner might be reckoned as "half a hand," should easily be able to carry on all the operations, including marketing. So that the expense, besides rent and family maintenance, might be estimated at three hundred (300) dollars. Here the trained habits of a business man, or the studious and inquiring mind of a professional man, will in a measure compensate for lack of experience; and such a one will be much surer of success than would be a farmer who had been habituated all his life to the work of an ordinary grain or stock farm. The latter would find the minute processes and close attention required infinitely wearisome, and in his desire to work rapidly over large areas would neglect the things most essential to success.

I have said little here of the calm enjoyment that a lover of nature must find

in watching her various processes; the best things that grow in a garden are not always the vegetables; but in this each man must learn for himself, according to his measure. Let me, in closing this article, only quote the words of a wise old man, and let those who read them ponder:

"I come now to the pleasures of husbandry, in which I vastly delight. They are not interrupted by old age, and they seem to me to be pursuits in which a wise man's life should be spent. The earth does not rebel against authority; it never gives back but with usury what it receives. The gains of husbandry are not what exclusively commend it. I am charmed with the nature and productive virtues of the soil. Can those old men be called unhappy who delight in the cultivation of the soil? In my opinion, there can be no happier life, not only because the tillage of the earth is salutary to all, but from the pleasure it yields. The whole establishment of a good and assiduous husbandman is stored with wealth; it abounds in pigs, in kids, in lambs, in poultry, in milk, in cheese, in honey. Nothing can be more profitable, nothing more beautiful, than a well-cultivated farm."

..

THE home should not be considered merely as an eating and sleeping place; but as a place where self-respect may be preserved, and comfort secured and domestic pleasures enjoyed. Three-fourths of the petty vices which degrade society, and swell into crimes which disgrace it, would shrink before the influence of self-respect. To be a place of happiness, exercising beneficial influences upon its members, and especially upon the children growing up within it, the home must be pervaded by the spirit of comfort, cleanliness, affection and intelligence.

And, in order to secure this, the presence of a well-ordered, industrious and educated woman is indispensable. So much depends upon the woman that we might almost pronounce the happiness or unhappiness of the home to be woman's work. No nation can advance except through the improvement of the nation's homes; and they can only be improved through the instrumentality of women. They must *know* how to make homes comfortable; and before they can know they must have been taught.—*Samuel Smiles.*

"THE THREE C'S."

BY REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

LET us make a visit to Miss Agnes Elizabeth Weston's Public House in Devonport, or, as the sailors call it, "The Three C's," Coffee, Comfort and Company. It is in Fore street, the main thoroughfare of the town, which leads in a direct line to the gateway of the Royal Dockyard.

Here we are then, standing for a moment before the carved door-way, looking at the prettily painted windows, and reading the tempting-looking inscriptions thereon. As we peep in we can see the bright mirrors flanked by white and gold china barrels, with silver taps, on each of which is inscribed, "New Milk," "Lemonade," "Ginger Beer," etc., etc., and next to them stand brilliant-looking coffee urns. How cheery it looks from the outside of this model public house, with the handsome lamps standing out from the stonework on each side of the windows, tempting us to step close and look in at the opal globes which spring out from handsome gilt brackets, throwing such a soft, clear, brilliant light on the pavement, as if inviting us cordially to step in and look round.

So, with the slightest touch on the swing door, we enter "The Three C's." At first sight it would seem as if we had stepped into a most gorgeous gin palace; but the illusion is but momentary, for instead of the smell of beer and spirits, and the sight of half-tipsy men and women, we see sober, jolly-looking tars seated here and there, smoking and chatting, or reading the daily papers and taking a fragrant cup of coffee or cocoa. There is a bar exactly like that in a gin palace, but it is innocent of beer or spirits. At this bar we see half a dozen or more blue jackets lounging, spinning yarns and apparently enjoying themselves quite as

well if not better than they ever did in the old "Paddy's Goose" in Ratcliffe Highway. The three brilliant copper urns containing coffee and cocoa are in constant demand, and any quantity of tid-bits on the counters are disposed of by the boys in blue as they stand round and chat with one another.

Behind the bar is also a steam closet containing hot joints, of which sailors, soldiers, some with wives and some without, and some with girls whom they evidently expect soon to make wives, are partaking with evident gusto. On the walls we see several nautical pictures, and a parrot every once in a while tells us that "Polly's a pretty girl." A fine-toned musical box gives us a few lively tunes, and we leave the bar not at all surprised to hear that this portion of "The Three C's" is a busy scene from 5:30 A. M. until midnight.

Before going up-stairs we notice a small side door, which on opening proves to be the sailors' special favorite room. In this large smoking-room are always found from a dozen to twenty or thirty blue jackets spinning their yarns with old shipmates over nothing stronger than a cup of coffee and a pipe of tobacco. In the evening, you will hear the music of a violin and one or two of the younger sailors entertain the company with a real sailors' hornpipe dance, such as is seldom seen anywhere but on board a man-of-war.

We ascend the wide staircase and enter the spacious reading-rooms, one a public, and the other a private, room. They are divided by a revolving shutter, which can at any time be made to disappear into the ceiling, leaving one magnificent room the entire width of the building,

Round the rooms are book-shelves filled with books of all sorts; the walls are hung with just such pictures as sailors delight to criticise, as they sit round on the many comfortable seats and lounges with which the rooms are furnished. The public-room is a very popular resort for the boys, who are ashore on liberty from Saturday to Monday, as from the plentiful assortment of papers, religious and secular, they find it invaluable for a rest and a quiet read. On this floor, too, is a commodious writing-room with all the necessary items for correspondence. From this room all the "monthly letters" are dispatched, and supplies of temperance literature go from this room to all parts of the world, by means of which as firm a hold as possible is kept on all absent sailors, in whatsoever port their ships may be stationed for the time.

We ascend another flight of stairs and here we find a large, airy, bright-looking kitchen, just such a one as one is sure will provide an excellent cuisine for this "Sailors' Rest." Here cooks and helpers are as busy as bees, and tell us rather curtly that the cooking is never done with from five in the morning until past eleven at night.

On our return down-stairs we pass the two large offices where all the business of the place is transacted. Beneath these we find two rooms opening one into the other. These two rooms are fitted up with nice, cosy-looking beds, very neat and scrupulously clean. These beds are used not only at night, but very often in the day as well, for the sailors are often glad after cruising round the town to come home to the "Three C's" and turn in for a good sleep. There are several very pretty scrolls and bright pictures on the wall, giving the rooms quite an attractive appearance.

We were not a little surprised to hear that in the reading-rooms, where, as I said, there is a plentiful assortment of religious, temperance and secular papers, the relig-

ious papers are read quite as much if not more than the secular ones. On Sundays, it appears, the tables are cleared of all secular literature. The men and boys, however, who are all of them fond of anything in the way of pictures, are delighted to pore over the illustrated religious magazines and Sunday books with which the tables are well supplied.

We go now down another flight of stairs and find ourselves on the ground floor. Here a long passage leads us to what were originally a block of old tumble-down cottages, which had for years been a disgrace to the town. They stood on a plot of ground behind the main building. They have passed from one metamorphosis to another until now they present a handsome block five stories in height. These are sailors' dormitories. Each of the rooms in this building is divided off into little private cabins. These retreats are a perfect godsend to those of our blue jackets who are of a meditative and religious temperament, inasmuch as of necessity there can be no quiet place on board their ship which they can in any sense call their own. The men who occupy them name the cabins themselves, usually after the name of some of the ships in which they have served or are serving, as the Ruby, the Diamond, the Undaunted, the Monarch, the Volage, etc., etc. Others are named after dear ones who have passed to the great majority. There is one given by the Duchess of Manchester and Mr. Stevenson Blackwood which bears the simple inscription, "My life is hid with Christ in God." These dormitories are perhaps the most important part of Miss Weston's "Sailors' Rest." Subscribers of from five to fifteen pounds find their money well invested in providing for these sailors' safe, happy retreats from the terrible vice and temptations of those low-class lodging-houses which abound so plentifully in all sea-port towns, more especially in the immediate neighborhood of the dockyards.

If there is one thing which a blue jacket counts upon after a tedious voyage with all kinds of hardships, broken rest and wet clothes for days together, it is a nice, clean, comfortable cabin and cot all to himself. The very thought that such a luxury awaits him, as soon as he gets ashore, makes him look forward to a good sleep in one of those cots in Miss Weston's "Sailors' Rest" with a really childish delight.

There is a building to the rear of the Institute which is called the "Gospel Hall." The entrance is by a passage from the street, but there is also a private entrance from the "Rest." Meetings of one kind or other are held here every day, but no pressure of any sort is brought to bear on the men as to attendance on any of them. The "Hall" is, nevertheless, a favorite resort of a great number of blue jackets, if only for the sake of the really good singing which is provided for by a large and very efficient choir. Music is a powerful magnet for Jack, who on hearing it can scarcely ever resist the temptation to step in, if only for five or ten minutes.

As Miss Weston naïvely remarked once, "Jack is a shy bird, and is apt to give a wide berth to any place where he thinks he will be preached at, or attempts made to make a teetotaler of him."

So, good singing entices him into the "Gospel Hall," where he is sure never to be preached at; and among the syrups and coffee and other good things in the bar of the "Rest" there always lies the pledge-book with pen and ink by its side. Those who serve behind the bar are of course all total abstainers, and, although they never solicit signatures directly, yet indirectly the kind, cheery words which are spoken by these servers to each man who comes to the bar lead to many a signature. There are numbers of blue jackets who can date the "first step forward in the right direction" from the day when, much the worse for liquor, they had strolled into the "Rest" and heard a kind, cheery word

from one of the attendants at the bar and had been made to feel for the first time in their lives that there was "hope for the hopeless." As an illustration of this, let me quote an incident from real life as told by one of Miss Weston's collaborateurs in a brief sketch of her life and labors. As she truly says, it is "worth pages of theorizing."

"A sailor, half-sober, sauntered one evening into the bright bar. Throwing down half a crown on the counter he called to one of the servers to give him a glass of half-and-half, 'and mind you make it stiff,' he added. Instead of looking grimly at him and reproving him, she at once said, with a woman's tact, 'We haven't your sort of half-and-half, would you like to try some of ours?' 'Yours? what's that then?' 'Well,' she said, 'will you have something hot or cold?' He smiled. 'You seem to have more than cold water; I'd like a jorum of something hot.' 'Well, would you like a cup of coffee?' 'Yes, that I would; it's a long time since I've had much in the coffee line.' Looking at him again, and thinking she would bait the hook still more, she said, 'Are you a Devonshire man?' 'To be sure I am, a West countryman to the backbone,' was the prompt answer. 'Then,' she said, 'you'll like a little Devonshire cream in your coffee?' This carried the day; Jack's eyes fairly danced in his head as he said, 'I've been round the Horn, and I don't know where beside, but it's a long day since I and Devonshire cream have met. Thank ye, missus, kindly,' and he sat down to enjoy the first cup of coffee he had tasted for many a day. When he had finished it, she brought him the half-crown which he had thrown down, saying, 'Can't you give me a penny instead of this?' 'A penny!' he exclaimed, 'you don't mean you only charge a penny for this and the Devonshire cream into the bargain? Well, if Miss Weston gives away things like that she'll soon have to shut up the place.'

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"She explained to him that on every cup of coffee a profit of at least a half-penny was made; and he went away to tell his shipmates to come and try the new-fangled public house he had found."

"This visit," says Miss Wintry, "and this cup of coffee, given by a kind, Christian woman, was the beginning of a new life to that man. He became a temperance man and a really religious man, persuading many of his shipmates to give up drink." "All along," as he said, "under God, of that first kind word and

cup of coffee." This "Sailors' Rest" at Devonport is but the beginning of a vast work carried on under Miss Weston's supervision. Besides a branch house at Devonport, called "The Homeward Bound," or, in blue jacket language, "The Little Sailors' Rest," so long ago as 1880 she says in an account of her work amongst sailors, "We have at this moment five 'Sailors' Rests,' quite a squadron taking up the line of work we are engaged in."

PRISCILLA'S EXILE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE dangers of idleness were averted for the present, for Alice and Katy had their hands full, with all the work there was to be done, from morning till night. Besides their legitimate duties of housework and table work, there were a thousand and one interruptions such as inconsiderate guests can impose upon servants. Mrs. John liked her little comforts, and Mrs. Pratt had her theory about girls earning their wages. These two ladies, who seldom agreed upon any vital subject, such as dress or philanthropy, were of one accord in the view that it was perfectly absurd for Priscilla to burden herself with two young girls, of apparently equal capacities.

"If she had one good, capable woman like that Swede I heard about," said Mrs. Pratt, "who has just come over and does not speak one word of English, she could not have quarreled with Jane, and she would have done everything for the same wages and only one mouth to feed."

"Yes, indeed," assented Mrs. John, "or the French maid would have been still better, to look after dear Priscilla herself, and sew in her ruffles, and look

after her boot-buttons, for, in spite of there being two of them, I can scarcely get anything out of either of these girls, they are always in such a hurry. I had to baste in a piece of lace myself yesterday, because Alice had to help set the table."

This colloquy, like many another, went so far smoothly, but Miss Priscilla did not dare to leave the two ladies longer together, for they were sure to disagree after they had left the safe ground of her deficient management. Their hostess entered, therefore, at this point, to propose a drive. To keep Parkins in good humor, who at this period was seized with a sudden fervor for farm work, and kept the horses constantly in the field, Eben K's pair was bespoken for every day, and John Baker, neatly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, performed the part of driver. The two-seated open wagon was before the door, and the three ladies climbed into it, for their usual airing. Katy brought light carriage cloths and Alice followed with an armful of shawls. Both girls glanced demurely in the direction of John Baker, but he sat stiff and upright as his own whip-handle, emulat-

ing the carriage of city coachmen. The girls as they ran back to the house might have been heard to titter, as they exchanged comment.

"My! aint he stuck up, when he gets into that wagon," whispered Katy.

"I hate such city airs," cried Alice, bridling. "You aint got a bit of them."

"Have not got," corrected Katy, who endeavored in a fitful manner to improve Alice's English.

"You said aint, yourself," retorted Katy. The quarrel was short-lived, for Jane appeared, calling:

"Aint you ever going to tackle them beds, girls?" and they flew away to regions above.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, as the ladies began their drive, a lovely hour, even in early July, at Ruxton, where summer heat is tempered by the hilly atmosphere. Miss Priscilla well remembered every road and every turn, for all was unchanged since her childhood, when seated on the chaise box she had accompanied her father and mother in their daily drives about the country. John Baker, of course, knew nothing of the topography of the place to begin with, but he was learning quickly, and soon knew the "little heater" and the "long heater," and the Deacon Silas ride and the Uppertown Meadows.

Mrs. Pratt sat in front with John Baker, and questioned him about his past life in town. Miss Priscilla was contending on the back seat with her sister-in-law, the former finding delight in every plant that grew along the road-side, the latter occupied in trimming imaginary bonnets, or borrowing worries against her return to town.

"Oh, see!" cried Priscilla, "the nodding yellow lilies, so pretty with the rue. John Baker, I must have some of those. Will you jump out?"

"But the horses!" screamed Mrs. John.

"I will hold them," said Mrs. Pratt, majestically, as she gathered up the

reins, carelessly dropped by the young driver.

"But they might start!" said the other in anguish.

They did, but John Baker was already back in the wagon, having clutched a hasty group of lilies and a handful of white rue. The horses, disturbed by the screaming of Mrs. John and the injudicious twitch on the reins of Mrs. Pratt, started along the level road at a startled pace.

"You are so heedless, Priscilla," said Mrs. John, fretfully. But Priscilla was handling her flowers and heeded not the reproach.

"Where are the boys?" went on her sister, fretfully. "I did not see one of them at breakfast. I tell Maurice he must report to me every day, but he never does!"

"You were down so late," commented Mrs. Pratt, dryly.

"Yes, they were all off, and nobody knows where."

"I saw them all at breakfast," said Miss Priscilla. "Do not you remember they told us last night they were going off with the hay-rigging to the lower farm? Jane gave them luncheon and I should not be surprised if they were gone all day. There is a good place to swim, you know, at the Bend, and I believe they took towels."

"Swimming! My dear Priscilla, you are so heedless with no children of your own! They might be drowned!"

Miss Priscilla could have bitten her tongue out for mentioning the scheme, but there were so many subjects to avoid, and one could not keep silence. Yet to argue was to make the matter worse, for Mrs. John never listened to reason, and the fact that the boys had always made the same excursion under Parkins, year after year, would have made no impression on her.

"We can drive round that way, Miss Priscilla," said John Baker, respectfully, "if you like."

"Very well," she replied. "It is a pret-

ty turn, and then, dear, you can give your own directions to Maurice about the bath."

This was not exactly what the worrier wanted, for she secretly doubted if her power over her young people was sufficient to prevent their taking the swim. Moreover, she really did not much care whether they went in or not; however, she assented, the horses' heads were turned, and they were soon rolling over a lovely wood-road that led to the lower meadow.

It was a pretty sight when they arrived: Parkins and the men tossing the early hay, already cut and sufficiently dry, upon the cart, and the boys, some on top and some below, working as busily as the farm hands. Maurice had on a red felt hat that belonged to one of his sisters. The little friend's cousin, a small boy with exceptionally sturdy legs, wore bright red stockings below his knickerbockers. Scrub Porter, the friend and especially of Maurice, who went by this name and no other, although and perhaps because his parents at baptism had conferred on him the longer one of Jeremiah ("one of the old Jeremiah Porters, my dear, very old family," said Mrs. Pratt, "their mother was an Atkins"), was lying on a mound of hay, panting and wiping his brow, while his hat was thrown far away.

The field where they were was hot and sunny. It stretched to the edge of the river, which, however, soon bending, turned its course along the side of some delightful rocks overshadowed by pines, whose tassels carpeted their tops. This was the diving place, from time immemorial, for the youths of Miss Priscilla's family. It was safe for swimmers, yet deep enough to charm the daring diver, and cool, refreshing was the spot, both beneath the surface of the water, or above, upon the shaded rock.

Miss Priscilla sighed as she thought of the many merry groups she had seen before, earning their plunge by their real work that was really play beforehand, tossing the fragrant grass upon its load.

The scene the same, the figures how different, dear to her, yes, but not with the disenchanted glow of early affection. She sat silent, her thoughts not far away, yet severed from the present moment.

"How hot!" exclaimed Mrs. Pratt, and she burrowed for her parasol under the seat. "Cannot we go somewhere else?"

"Yes," said Miss Priscilla, starting. "John Baker, drive along to the Bend. The boys have seen us."

They all came, moving with various shades of alacrity, Scrub the last, tying his cravat as he walked, with his hat under his arm; even Maurice slackening his pace as he saw his mother on the back seat with her anxious expression all made up and ready for a conflict.

"Now, Maurice," she began, "you are not going in bathing. Your poor, dear father told you always to do what I said, and I cannot run the risk of letting you be drowned just the very beginning of your vacation."

"Mother, we always bathe," said the boy, with a frown. "Parkins is with us, and the men go in. We can all swim except little Freddy."

Little Freddy was the friend's cousin.

"Well, there is no reason why he should be drowned," whined the mamma, "and besides I do not want you saving him."

Maurice stamped his foot and frowned. He had not been trained to be respectful to his mother or any one else. Miss Priscilla extended a warning hand, which kept him silent while she suggested that Parkins be consulted.

That worthy man now came up, mopping his red forehead, to see, as he afterwards expressed it, "what the row was all about." Mrs. John was already weakening, in real fear of her son.

"Now, Parkins, do you really think it is safe for the boys to bathe here?"

"Safe! lor, marm, they've bathed there for hundreds of years. Mr. John used to

say, marm, it was the safest place he knew on for swimming except there was one somewhere in Arizony I have heard him speak of which might be safer."

"Well, then, Maurice," relented the little lady, "if you are very sure not to stay in more than ten minutes, and to keep close to the shore. But Freddy must not go in on any account, for I should hate to have to write to his mother."

"Freddy was not going in anyhow. He is afraid of the water," said Maurice, still sullenly, and bounding away without any more words. He stopped suddenly, however, beside a tuft of cardinal flowers spared by the scythe and gathered them to bring to Aunt Priscilla.

The ladies drove on past the Bend and along the river side, to the place where the little river joins its broad majestic confluent, Mrs. John congratulating herself that her caution would make the boys careful, and expressing her relief that for one day, at least, she had nothing more to worry about.

It is always the unexpected that arrives. Mrs. John, in her tardy anxiety about the boys, had quite forgotten to worry or even wonder what had become of the girls.

As John Baker turned away from the river into a rough lane which led winding up a steep hill, the rattling of hoofs met their ears, and the sound of a wagon at the top, still unseen. A few minutes more brought in sight a village cart, coming down the road at a rapid rate, drawn by a horse over which the driver evidently had no control.

"The pony!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla.

"Them gals!" cried Parkins.

It was, indeed, the two daughters of Mrs. John with their lively friend, Patty Greene, who was guiding, or rather not guiding, a young untrained animal, only lately admitted to the stable from the farm.

The vehicle was small, and only suited for two. The young driver was sitting

in the middle, on the laps of the other girls. Her hat already off left her bright hair streaming back from her face. She was bending forward, and doing her best with her slender hands to hold in the reins.

John Baker turned his horses well into the bushes to be out of the way. Real alarm made all the ladies utterly silent. Even Mrs. John had now no whine, and Mrs. Pratt's vocabulary did not furnish the right expression.

"If they get by all them stones," muttered John Baker to himself. The lane had just been "mended" according to the country view of that term—that is, a quantity of stones had been taken out of the road-bed, muddy from a spring which was always trickling there, and left in a pile close to the ruts.

But no; an injudicious nervous twitch of the left rein swerved the horse a little. A wheel struck the stones, and over went the cart, tossing out its contents in a heap, one upon another. The girls screamed, laughing and crying at the same time. Gertrude picked herself up and brushed the mud from her petticoat, and Fanny strove to extricate herself from her position under her friend, but, alas! Patty's bright face was white, her pretty hair fell over it in confused tangles. She did not move, and was unconscious.

Miss Priscilla was the first to spring from the high wagon and run to the spot. John Baker, as soon as he dared to leave his horses, went up to the pony, which stood trembling in broken shafts by the overturned wagon.

"Oh! don't leave us, John Baker," screamed Mrs. John. "These horses may start."

"If you will keep quiet, Maria, they won't," said Mrs. Pratt, sternly, "but I think I will get out."

"Some water, dear," said Miss Priscilla, gently, to Gertrude. Fortunately it was at hand, for the little spring made a pool, and an old tin cup was always to be

found hard by, left untouched year after year by the sparse and simple neighborhood.

Patty opened her eyes and smiled. It was evident her head had received no blow, but when she came to move, a sharp pain showed them that her ankle, twisted under her, was sprained.

"Stand up, and feel yourself all over, and let us see if that is all," said Priscilla. The young girl did so, and shook herself, smiling briefly.

"No, no," she said, "it is only my ankle, but—oh!"

She wanted to sit down again upon the stones, but, at a sign from his mistress, John Baker took her in his arms and carried her to the vacant seat in the wagon which Miss Priscilla had left.

"You had best drive her home as quickly as possible," said she, "while the rest of us—" She hesitated, trying to think what to do.

"Do not think of risking yourself with that wicked, dreadful pony," shrieked Mrs. John. "He had better be shot the very instant we get home. How did you think of such a thing, Gertrude, as coming out with him?"

"My dear sister," said Miss Priscilla, assuming an aspect which was among her weapons, but which she seldom used, "pray defer discussing that question till we get safely home.

"Girls," she continued, "you can walk home perfectly well, and so can I. Get into the wagon again, Arabella (this was Mrs. Pratt), and John Baker shall drive gently home. We can stop at the Wallis house and send some one to look after the pony."

But here Mrs. Pratt came out in an entirely new light, that of self-sacrifice. She said: "You take my seat, Priscilla. It is best you should reach home to give directions, and I will walk with the girls. Besides," she added faintly, "I am a little afraid myself of the horses."

She started off with Gertrude and Fan-

ny, therefore, determined to sift the matter to the bottom as they walked, and find out who in the world started the silly notion of driving alone with that pony.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was John Baker who carried the little suffering girl up-stairs and laid her gently on the bed in her room. It was John Baker who came quietly afterwards to Miss Priscilla, hat in hand, to say there was a horse saddled in case she wanted to send him anywhere. She looked at him, wondering for a moment.

"A telegram?" he said.

"Oh! yes, John, a telegram. Thank you."

Thus, when Mrs. Pratt fussed into Miss Priscilla's own chamber to give advice, saying:

"It is so unfortunate in this far-away place where there is no physician whatever. Now you know, Priscilla, there are six right in that one street where I live and where you used to live before this notion took you of burying yourself in the country—"

her friend could calmly say that the doctor had been sent for from town, and would, doubtless, be there in five hours.

"In five hours! But, my dear, the child may be dead by that time. I had best go in and look at her."

Miss Priscilla begged her to refrain from this, refraining herself from saying that people seldom die of sprained ankles unless that difficulty be aggravated.

The event made some confusion in the house, though Jane was efficient, leaving the clamor to be done by the ladies. Katy and Alice ran about up-stairs and down, fetching old linen for a bandage, and whatever was needed, or not needed, according to the suggestions of the various counselors. The boys arrived, safe from their swimming excursion, with damp towels and wet hair, hungry and jolly. They were relieved to find the

burden of being culprits was removed from their shoulders to those of their sisters. They were, in fact, received with a kind of enthusiasm by their mother, who had the satisfaction of telling them all about the accident.

"It was," she said, "poor Patty's fault, no doubt about that, though of course we cannot say anything about it now. But my girls never would have thought of such a thing as taking out that pony. Patty thought she could manage him, as she drives her own horse at home, and somehow or other they harnessed him themselves, and, as John tells me, put the breeching over his tail, or something like that. I know nothing about a horse myself. John Baker being out of the way, and Parkins with the men haying, there was no one there. It does seem as if Jane might have looked after the girls to see whether they were not in mischief. But Jane is aged a great deal. I tell Priscilla the time will soon come when she will be superannuated. Poor Gertrude and Fanny! they were very much upset. To be sure, so they all were, but I am thankful my dear children were preserved from the worst. Priscilla has sent for the doctor, but it is not at all likely he will come, and what we shall all do while we are waiting I am sure I cannot think. Now, boys, you must comb your hair before dinner. I suppose it will be rather a pick-up dinner with so much trouble in the house."

The dinner was, nevertheless, much as usual, and Patty, who had recovered her color and spirits, was able to partake of her share, brought up to her on a neat tray by one of the girls.

Out of evil sometimes comes good, and so it was on this occasion, for Mrs. Pratt, hearing that John Baker was to drive to the station for the doctor, concluded with some suddenness to go with him, and thus leave, for good, indeed.

"Well," said Jane, when she heard it in the kitchen, "that's the first sensible

move I have heard of her making since she came into the knowledge of the family." The announcement was made to Jane by Katy, as the first dishes were brought out from the table; and Jane showed her willingness to speed the parting guest by hurrying forward the rest of the dinner with extraordinary alacrity. Coffee followed the sweets with unheard-of promptness, "for fear," as Jane said, "she should be delayed packing up her traps and miss the train."

It was a relief, for now Patty Greene could be put in the Bird-room, originally arranged for her, but diverted to the use of Mrs. Pratt. The whole household gave its energies to facilitate the departure, and, with all her small things about her, the guest was tucked into the carriage with John Baker, in ample season for the train. He afterwards confided to Alice that he never had such a lot of questions put to him in his life. Some he could answer and some he could not, about his father and his mother and all his relations, about his pocket money and what he did with it, about his past, his future, his lungs and his religious views. John Baker said nothing to Alice of the long cross-examination he had undergone from Mrs. Pratt about his affections, and the sentiments he entertained for the two girls, but to Parkins he remarked:

"She turned and twisted and twisted and turned to find out which of them two was keeping company with me, but I expect she did not find out much. She had considerable to say about fellows running after two girls at the same time, and I was nigh on to telling her to mind her own business, but just then she heard a whistle, and began hurrying up the horses herself. It was the steam whistle over to the factory."

The doctor came, spite of Mrs. John's doubts, and Mrs. Pratt had the satisfaction of breaking the news to him in a rapid sentence which he scarcely understood, as she betook herself to the platform

of the parlor-car. Two gentlemen also came, unexpected guests for the Ruxton homestead, glad enough to find "the team," although one of them had to sit with John Baker on a trunk, while the wagon seat was slipped back for the others. A nephew of Miss Priscilla was one of these young men, and he brought with him a friend. The nephew was the son of Priscilla's sister, Alfred Crowe by name; he was extremely uncongenial to Mrs. John, and indeed to most of the family, being arrogant in manner, and somewhat egotistical. His friend was a stranger to them all. The pair were on their way to the Adirondacks, and dropped in because it happened to suit the convenience of their time-tables. Priscilla's heart sank as she received them, and Jane was inwardly furious. Rooms had to be arranged for them, and, although there were plenty of rooms, it was a strain upon the resources of the house to have them all ready on such short notice. The hostess had to give all her attention to the doctor and his patient, with whom she was closeted for some time. His report was favorable and satisfactory: the sprain was not complicated, all had been done that should have been done, and time and quiet would effect the rest. Patty soon recovered from her alarm at the sight of a strange doctor, and he was laughing and joking with her, before long, in the most genial way, being a delightful man, as family doctors are, an old friend of Priscilla and a most comfortable person to have in the house. So here was a bright spot in the trials of the day.

"Do you know, Miss Priscilla," he said, "I have to thank this young lady for trotting out the pony, for she has given me an excuse to run away from town, which will probably prolong my life."

"It must be hot," she suggested.

"Very; and a great deal of sickness. I dare not go away for a vacation; my family are off, and I am very forlorn."

"Then come down and see our lovely

sunset over the river," said Miss Priscilla. "We shall find the family on the west piazza. You have not seen Mrs. John yet."

"Ah! is she here?" asked the doctor, with a funny glance, pulling himself out of his chair, for the excellent man was growing stouter every day. "So, so, Mrs. John? Well."

Things were not very comfortable on the west piazza. Mrs. John already at odds with Alfred Crowe, they were vigorously arguing the contrasted merits of Oxford and Harvard, and had almost come to blows. Alfred was teasing the small dog that belonged in the stables, while his friend was inciting the smaller boys to dangerous feats of balancing on the railing towards the cliff, which narrowly endangered their lives. Gertrude and Fanny with Maurice were tittering apart, evidently making fun of their unsatisfactory cousin.

The sun streamed in upon the group, and nobody had thought to lower the shade. A little afternoon tea-table still remained standing, in a manner untidy to the eyes of Miss Priscilla. Her first act in bringing order and harmony out of this confusion was to summon Alice and tell her, rather sharply, to remove the tea.

"It's Katy's place to do that, marm," said Alice.

"Never mind, do as I tell you," replied her mistress.

Maurice, who was a good soul, came to the rescue and helped his aunt restore the place to its legitimate air of repose and charm. The doctor bravely engaged Mrs. John in a harmless conversation about the sufferings of other people, illustrated by descriptions of her own ailments.

Miss Priscilla, tired, fretted and bewildered, sank into her favorite chair, which Maurice brought for her; after this he swept off all the younger contingent with the small dog to remote regions, leaving the strange young man at liberty to come and talk with the lady of the

house in intelligent and even entertaining fashion.

The sun went down in brilliant, misty wreaths of summer haze, reflected in the smooth surface of the river. It was cooler at once and all the perfumes of honeysuckle and late roses came out to fill the air with fragrance. Miss Priscilla's pir-its became tranquilized, and by the time Katy came to announce "tea" she was quite equal to the task of presiding over that noisy meal, where the table was covered with all sorts of breads, hot biscuits and cake, delicately sliced ham, jam in profusion, and the fresh berries of the season besides.

The evening passed well enough, and broke up early.

Miss Priscilla withdrew, thinking her trials were over for the day. In the porch she left the doctor and the two young men smoking, the former his pipe, the latter their cigarettes, none of these the calumet of peace, since the young gentlemen regarded the old one as foggyish, while he treated their opinions with scarce concealed contempt.

The hostess turned her back upon this state of things as not worth worrying about, looked in on the Bird-room to find the sprained girl quietly sleeping, and repaired to her own with the sense of possession and repose with which one closes the door upon the world.

Scarcely was she seated, however, at her toilette-table than a tap came, followed by the hasty entrance of Katy, all in tears and excitement, who burst in, saying:

"Miss Priscilla, I must speak to you. I have been waiting all this time. I must go home to-morrow."

"Go home! to-morrow! what is this?" said her mistress, hastily settling back on her head the dainty cap she was in the act of taking off.

"Alice is real hateful to me. She is making fun of me. She says I am afraid of a cow, and she says—she says—"

Great gasps and sobs delayed the close

of the accusation, so there was time for Miss Priscilla, in consternation, to say:

"Well?"

She says I am setting my cap for John Baker. I do not care one cent for him. Stuck-up thing. I hate them all, and I want to go back. Oh! Oh!"

Poor Miss Priscilla! She gathered her wits together and said:

"Katy, stop crying this instant and sit down here where I can see you. Now be quiet until you have the sense to tell me what this is all about."

Thus adjured, and suitably awed, Katy silently wound up her weeping, wiped her eyes and put her handkerchief in her pocket, still sobbing, however. She could then relate how she went out to the barn to see the pony, if he was hurt with the accident, and how it happened that John Baker was just driving back after bringing the doctor from the station, so she just sat down on the wheelbarrow, and he was telling her— Here the handkerchief was pulled out again and twisted round and round her thumb and fingers.

"Well, he was telling you."

"It was about what Mrs. Pratt said to him, marm, about getting married, and not flirting, and—" Miss Priscilla's heart sank within her. Still Mrs. Pratt?

"Well."

"So Alice she was provoked I was not there when the young gentlemen and all came, so she set to work to find me, and when she found me out there on the wheelbarrow she was mad as anything, but Miss Barnes called us and I never heard a word about it till, till, till, we went up to bed, and then—"

Sobs again.

"I see," said Miss Priscilla. "Now, Katy, you knew it was wrong for you to be away when the wagon came, for I have told you dozens of times to be on hand, both of you; and of course Alice was vexed," and so on, by a little judicious scolding all round and displaying a fictitious displeasure she in nowise really

felt, Miss Priscilla diverted from her grievance the thoughts of the child, for Katy was nothing more, and skillfully turned them to her own cares and worries till she brought her to a sense of shame that she was not doing more to make things go smooth.

"Now I think you had better not see Alice again to-night, for you may come to blows again. If I put you on the lounge in the Bird-room, can I trust you not to disturb Miss Patty, and to sleep with one eye open in case she wants anything?"

"Oh! yes, marm, I will do anything you say."

Katy was all ready for bed, in her wrapper, so she was easily disposed of, and Miss Priscilla again returned to her own chamber.

This time she had laid her head on the pillow, and comfortably extended herself in delicious bed, when again the door was tapped, the handle turned. Jane entered.

A remarkable spectacle, Jane had on her night-cap, a lofty structure belonging to a past century; she wore her spectacles. She was clothed in what we now call a Mother Hubbard, but Jane had one, the same, many years before this frivolous name was given to the garment, a dressing-gown of big flowered chintz, which fell all about her from a frilled yoke at the top. She had on flat-footed carpet slippers of bright purple cloth. In one hand was a lighted candle, and in the other a tumbler on a plate.

"Excuse me," said Jane. The *me* was always emphasized when Jane used the expression. "Excuse *me*, marm. I do not want to keep you awake, but seeing what you have been through, with people coming and going and breaking their legs and quarreling and all, I thought you had best have something comforting to go to sleep on. Your father, he always used

to say that a glass of warm sherry and water with a little sugar in it and just a mite of nutmeg was the very best thing in affliction."

She brought the tempting draught to the bedside, laid down her candle, and seated herself with her hands on her knees while her mistress received it. The thoughtful attention was soothing to her troubled spirit, and she accepted it, pleased and touched, not sorry, either, for a little talk with her faithful coadjutor upon recent events.

"Well, Jane, we have had a day of it!"

"I don't say but what we have, but somehow or another we have pulled through and for that we should, and am, thankful."

"Katy has just been here," said Miss Priscilla, with a weary sigh.

"It aint no use to consider that to-night, marm, nor no time, for she will come round, I expect. Those girls spend so much time running up and down stairs for nothing that when the time comes for them to break their backs they have no stamina in them. I heard them spitting and sputtering and that is why I slipped on my dressing-gown to see if they was mixing you up in it. John Baker, he is likely to remain a Bone of Contention any way."

"I'm sorry," said her mistress, plaintively.

"Lor, marm," replied Jane, as she stood up and took the plate, "do not you worry about that. It will all come round right. There is no natural evil in them, you will see, and after all, we have great cause for thankfulness, in that Mrs. Pratt has took herself off so opportune. Good-night, marm."

Jane withdrew, carefully closing the door, and her mistress was at last left to her slumbers.

THE PRESENT GOD.

BY JULIA M. KAUTZ.

[*God in His works.*]

THE voice of our Father low whispers in the pines,
A little brown seed is hid safely in their cones,
Their branches' thick shadows give shelter to the birds,
The jay, and the robin croon softly to their young,
A picture of Nature, in green, red, blue and brown.

The hand of Jehovah upholdeth lofty palms ;
They shelter the pilgrim, and give him food and drink,
Their tall stems straight rising, like pillars of carved stone,
Supporting green awnings, whose shadows hide the stars,
A temple of beauty, prepared for weary man.

We bless Him while sipping fresh honey, with the dew,
Cold water, red wine or rich milk of gentle kine.
The fruits in their season, the sheaves of golden grain,
The apple and orange, and clusters of ripe grapes,
All teach us, the Giver is present, in His works.

The zephyrs of evening are laden with sweet smells,
Perfumes of the lily, the cedar, balm, and spice.
His breath is as gardens of myrrh and opening rose ;
'Tis borne on the wings of the tender, warm south winds.
We know Him, His presence is precious to our souls.

When weary and footsore, how grateful pastures green ;
When fainting with fever, how blest is the cool breeze ;
In sickness and trouble, how cheering a friend's hand.
So Jesus the loving is near us when we need,
Upholding His children most gently in His arms.

His footsteps are heard in the seasons' measured flow.
The Spring, with fresh garlands, brings promise of fair June,
Its pansies and crocus ; its myrtle, asphodel.
The wren and the bluebird make music with their songs.
'Mid sunshine and showers, they're chanting, "*God is good.*"

The west winds chase swiftly the fleecy morning clouds ;
The Summer, all golden, resplendent with bright skies,
Brings toiling rewarded ; brings pleasure after pain.
Young children are dancing, with berries and wild flowers,
They praise Him who scattereth His blessings o'er our land.

Then Autumn, with brushes in rainbow colors dipt,
 Puts blushes on peaches, and scarlet on the leaves.
 But colors so brilliant are tokens of decay,
 Of missions well ended; and of work all well done.
 Of waiting the garner with welcome loving hearts.

The dropping of fruit, and the rustling of ripe grain,
 Are signals that Winter is even at the door;
 His mantle, so snowy, is folded over all.
 So we, when our labors are faithfully finished,
 May fold up our hands and await the final hour.

Rejoice! for the Lord is in His earthly temple;
 He smiles most benignly on all His wondrous works.
 The heavens above with His footprints gleam and glow.
 Creation makes music, "the music of the spheres,"
 In harmony chanting loud peans in His praise.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

THE City Hospital of Boston has just now opened two new wards for contagious diseases. The *Herald* gives the following account of these wards and the use of them:

With the exception of small-pox, quarantine and maternity cases, the City Hospital takes sufferers from all "the ills to which flesh is heir," and their name is legion. The amount of work accomplished appears in the fact that during the year just completed 6,000 patients were treated within its walls, and 48,000 visits were received at the out-patients' department. This is the only hospital in the city that opens its doors to contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, etc. By the very nature of these diseases, it is obvious that they demand special safeguards and the best facilities for relief. Two wards with only seventy-eight beds have been compelled to do all this work for twenty years. Happily, some of these diseases were advantageously treated in the tents, which are a picturesque feature of the hospital grounds

from June to October. The little colony of tents accommodates seventy-two patients. The large ones are reserved for surgical cases, but the small ones are utilized for isolating diseases, such as erysipelas, etc. The tents have all the necessary equipment of a well-regulated ward, and physicians and surgeons agree that the open-air treatment is specially successful. The patients themselves like it, and rarely ask to be taken in-doors. No other hospital in the country has developed this feature of a tent service to the extent and efficiency of our City Hospital.

The trustees, always alive to the public necessity, urged the city government to make a special appropriation for improved and enlarged facilities for treating contagious diseases. They obtained an appropriation of \$60,000 for this purpose, and the month of March finds the new wards ready for their work. They contain sixty-eight beds and raise the total in the hospital to four hundred and eighty-five.

The two buildings are practically alike,

and extend east and west toward Springfield street. They stand parallel with two other buildings, one of which is a one-story iron pavilion for fever cases, and the other contains the contagious wards referred to above. This makes a row of four buildings, with a sufficient open space between them. The new ones are built of brick, and are quite simple architecturally. The roofs present a singular appearance, which at once points them out as outside the range of ordinary uses. This is owing to the tall chimneys, aspirating shafts and iron ventilators. A piazza varying from seven to ten feet in width surrounds them and connects with the rest of the hospital. Each building is 138 feet long and has the appearance of three sections, the center of which is 75x35 feet and one story high, and at each end are Ls 31x40 feet, with a second story in the mansard roof. The one-story wards used here for ten years were designed for one sex and one line of disease, so the door-way was placed at the end, and, passing the service rooms, entrance was made directly into a large ward, containing thirty beds. In these new buildings, which are designed for wards and also isolating rooms for both sexes, the main door-way is placed in the center, on the main floor, and in the basement, so that those in charge can command a better supervision of the whole. After passing the group of service rooms in the center, entrance is given on either side into an open ward, beyond which in the Ls are the rooms for isolation, private patients and the toilets and baths.

The main entrance to the building is in the center, and opens into a vestibule which leads into a hall, lighted by a skylight twenty-three feet long. On one side of this vestibule is a waiting room, simply furnished with chairs, table and bamboo lounge. This is used as an examining room by the physicians, or a temporary waiting place for a patient until specially assigned. On the other side is the service

room for the nurses to prepare food or perform other domestic duties. It is provided with a dumb waiter connecting with the basement, refrigerator, gas stove, sink, with hot and cold water, and an open closet in which are the pretty blue and white dishes, the feeding cups, and other requisites for serving meals to the sick. Opposite the vestibule is a staircase leading to the basement. On each side of this staircase is a room subdivided into two compartments, entirely distinct—one for clean linen, the other furnished with wardrobes, each large enough to hold a suit of clothes. These are numbered to correspond with the beds, and here, after fumigating, is kept the patients' wearing apparel.

These four rooms are grouped round the hall, and occupy all the space, except a small part devoted to a broom closet, another for nurses' wraps, and a medicine closet, where every bottle is carefully labeled, and every spoon and measure fills an appointed place. It also contains a set bowl, with hot and cold water. On either side of this central group of service rooms is an open ward with ten beds. The one on the right is for men, that on the left for women. They are each 35x30 feet, and have a spacious, airy effect, being sixteen feet high. The first object that attracts the eye is the large, square aspirating shaft, of fine brick, and surrounded by a simple mantel-shelf of marble. One of these shafts stands in the center of each ward, and the open fireplaces, on opposite sides of it, give a cheerful, pleasant aspect, and also assist the ventilation. In the men's ward there are eight beds; in the women's, six cribs and four beds, one in each corner. These are made of iron and painted white. The hair mattress rests on a wire sacking, making the bed very easy and comfortable.

The little cribs are pathetic reminders of the unfortunate children with scarlet fever or diphtheria, whose parents by

poverty or disability cannot properly care for them at home. An arm-chair and a little table stand by each bed. A "bed tray," that is, a wooden waiter on six-inch legs, is provided for patients who must eat in bed. Screens, with cloth covers tied on and easily washed, make a friendly shelter around a bed when privacy is desirable.

The floors are hard pine, oiled and varnished, and the wood-work and furniture are light wood, which gives a cheerful air to the interior. Eight large windows admit plenty of light, which is regulated by inside shades and outside blinds. Sash curtains of muslin break the monotony and prevent unlawful curiosity from the piazzas. The bed-ticking, towels, blankets, etc., are of a different pattern from those used elsewhere in the hospital, so that in the laundry, or wherever found, they can be identified as belonging to these contagious wards. Shoots are arranged for sending the soiled clothing promptly into the receptacle prepared for it in the basement.

Special attention has been given to the ventilation of these new wards. Three distinct systems are employed, operating in different ways. Twenty openings in the basement supply the fresh air, which is warmed by being carried over steam coils, and then introduced directly into the wards by a register in the wall under each window. The foul air is conveyed by a register in the floor at the foot of each bed into a ventilating shaft in the center of the room. The warm current necessary to insure its rising is created by steam coils within the shaft, assisted by the warmth coming from the two fire-places on two sides of the shaft. The vitiated air reaches the open air at the top far above the roof. Another means of ventilation is obtained by a register over each bed and two circular openings in the ceiling. This impure air passes into a ventilating chamber, where it is forced to rise by steam coils and then is

carried out-of-doors by Emerson ventilators. The open fire-places afford another obvious exit for the poisoned air. Thus the whole volume of air is slowly and imperceptibly replaced by a supply of pure, fresh air. In contagious diseases it is often advisable to separate one patient, or perhaps two, from the others. This necessity has been provided for in the Ls beyond the wards at each end of the buildings. A corridor passes through the center of the L, and on one side is an isolating room with two beds. Here also is a bath room, toilet room, water closets, slop-hopper, sinks, etc., with all the appointments carefully planned to secure the most effective sanitary conditions.

On the opposite side of the corridor are two rooms, pleasantly fitted up for private patients. Here is the staircase leading to the second story in the mansard roof. This staircase communicates with an outside door, and can be shut off from the rest of the building.

The second story contains five rooms—a bath room and toilet, with all the necessary appointments, a sewing room, equipped like the one in the ward before described, one room with two beds and two single rooms. These may be used for isolation, or for private patients. To meet the public demand, it was fitting that some provision should be made for the sick who want a private room and are able to pay for it. Travellers in hotels, persons in boarding houses, or in homes where the conditions forbid isolation and proper care, if stricken with diphtheria or other contagious diseases, may find here comfortable, pleasant quarters, the best medical attendance and skillful nursing. These rooms, according to choice and location, command \$15, \$20 or \$25 per week, and this sum includes medical attendance, nursing and board.

One feature of this work demands recognition. In contagious diseases the great danger arises from disease germs, which, minute and unseen, are the dead-

ly means of transmitting the malady. How to reduce this to a minimum has been an important medical study in recent years. In planning these new wards every possible lodgment for these germs has been avoided. All angles and corners in wood-work and plastering have been obviated by covings, rounded mouldings and other devices. The furniture was specially made for the wards, has few angles, corners and projections, and absolutely no ornamentation, and is pleasing to the eye by its very simplicity. Wherever there is a place large enough for a speck of dust to lodge, there is a pos-

sible lurking place for a disease germ. All the materials used in the ward are of a kind to allow frequent washings. The nurses are strictly trained to appreciate this source of peril. Neglect here is criminal, and may mean death.

The basement is finished with a concrete floor, and is dry and clean. In the center is a finished room where convalescent patients may receive visitors. The basement also contains rooms for porter, soiled clothes, storage and a fumigating room, which is an indispensable adjunct to contagious wards.

REFORM FOR THE INDIAN SERVICE.

BY HERBERT WELSH.

DURING the last three years the Indian Rights Association has been forced by circumstances to spend much valuable time and serious thought on behalf of reform in the Indian service. The ungracious and disagreeable task of constant criticism has fallen upon the society's shoulders, not from choice, but of necessity. During these years it has pointed out case after case, where men of tried character and proved efficiency have been given their congé by the wanton and cruel mandate of political partisanship, to make way for untried and, in many instances, unworthy persons.

Cases have repeatedly, and without any attempt at contradiction, been cited, where men guilty of serious political or civil offenses, whose misdeeds were potent and proved, have been appointed to and retained in positions in the Indian service; and more numerous instances have been made public where persons, in no way fitted to perform the duties devolving upon them, were sent out to fill posts on the Indian reservations. The Associa-

tion has shown that such cases were found in rich abundance over the widely scattered reservations of the West, and that this unhappy state of affairs was not due to unavoidable accident or chance, which it were idle to sigh over, but to a cause that could be clearly pointed out, and, if the friends of the Indians were but sufficiently active and earnest, effectually removed.

The cause of the evil is the spoils system of appointment, that green bay tree of political unrighteousness which politicians denounce in such round terms when it suits their convenience so to do, but for which they entertain within the depths of the secret heart so tender and abiding a reverence. If any man wishes to find abundance of texts full of suggestion and pungency for sermons in advocacy of the civil service reform system, let him read the recent reports of the Indian Rights Association and be satisfied. There he will find the Indian inspector, whose preliminary training in the duties of his high federal office was pub-

lic fraud at the ballot box, and private fraud against business associates and friends; physicians, who—in ignorance be it said—prescribed violent poisons in internal doses for colds and sore throats; agency clerks, who can neither spell nor cipher with reasonable accuracy; farmers, who have learned nothing of agriculture but what may be gathered in the primaries at a political meeting, or the composing room of a country newspaper; superintendents of schools, who consider their positions as poor pay for hard political service, and declare that they would find manual labor on the railroad more congenial occupation.

The remedy which the Indian Rights Association recommends for this disgraceful condition of affairs is a very simple one, in suggesting which the society lays no claim to originality, but only to practical common sense. It is the same remedy that reformers in other branches of the civil service of the government have advocated with unanimity for years. We ask the President to extend the civil service rules to the Indian service in such form as may best suit the peculiar conditions of that service. Free the appointing power from the incessant and irresistible pressure of politicians so that Indian agencies and subordinate offices on the reservation shall be no longer considered legal tender in the payment of political debts. Make appointments to these posts only after reasonable and adequate tests have been applied to applicants, which will reveal their past record and present capacity for the particular position to which they aspire. This work can be satisfactorily performed by the appointment of a non-partisan commission, upon which shall devolve the duty of preparing examinations for testing the merits of applicants. These examinations should be competitive and declared open to all citizens who choose to compete for appointment. Choice for appointment should finally be made from a limited

number of those who pass the examination with the highest standing. The power of making this selection might properly be left to the Indian commissioner.

It goes without saying that the examination to which applicants for the varied posts upon the reservations are to be subjected under this system should be a reasonable and practical one and therefore varied according to the nature of the post sought. The tests to which an agent's clerk should be subjected would naturally be those calculated to show skill in book-keeping, accounts, handwriting, spelling, etc.; the physician should be required to show that he was a regular and respectable practitioner; the farmer that he could drive a plow, and that he at least knew better than to teach Indians to plant potatoes by putting a hatful of them in one hill; superintendents and teachers of schools that they were fitted by training and inclination for their duties. Is it not manifest to any thoughtful and unprejudiced person that the adoption, in some form, for the Indian service of this approved and rational system of appointment, which has shown its effectiveness wherever fairly tried in other branches of State or Federal civil service, would be a great and substantial gain over the present spoils system? It may at least be claimed with safety that nothing could well be worse than what we at present endure. The spoils system carries into the service a mass of crude, inexperienced, in some instances, wholly and hopelessly incompetent, and in others absolutely vicious, material, which a good system would never permit to enter it.

A few days ago, in Washington, Prof. C. C. Painter, one of the agents of the Indian Rights Association, was conversing with a prominent and potent official of the Indian Bureau upon the injury which the service suffered through the constant changes made in the superintendents of Indian schools. The official ask-

ed if he were not to be expected to dismiss incompetent ones, adding that so many recommendations of applicants came to him from prominent people that he was of course obliged to believe them competent. Prof. Painter's reply was to the effect that a different and better system than that now in vogue was necessary to prevent this evil of which he complained—an evil an admission of which was contained in the very question of his interlocutor.

It is now the earnest hope of the Indian Rights Association that the President, who has for more than a year been appealed to on this question, may be stimulated by the increasing demand for the reform on the part of the public press to extend the civil service rules to the Indian service and in this way to free the Indian finally and forever from the clutch of an antiquated and wholly vicious system.

THE MASSACHUSETTS INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE Massachusetts Indian Association numbers all over the state about 2,000 women as members, and is sadly cramped for means to do the work it sees needed to-day—the work which may prevent great misery in the future to both Indians and whites, and which, if neglected now, may be impossible to do hereafter. Can it be that Massachusetts does not contain 10,000—yes, 20,000 women who are “one dollar sorry” for this helpless people? Let each one of these but put the feeling into act, send a dollar and her name as an annual subscriber to the treasurer, Mrs. Frank Wood, Alban street, Dorchester, and the hearts of the officers would be lifted in joy and gratitude, and good, strong, useful activity would radiate far on lines of helpfulness and mercy now closed and dark.

The following statement of the four questions that came before the Association last winter and of the decisions upon them will show what could be done if more money were put into the hands of those who have learned by some experience the best way of using it for the elevation of these abused and eminently teachable tribes:

1st. Should our aim this year be to send out farmer missionaries, *i. e.*, men with families, to settle among the Indians, and

become their friends, models and protectors?

2d. Should we, in compliance with the wish of the National Association, to which we are auxiliary, take the new Omaha Mission entirely into our keeping, support and direct it as the Massachusetts Mission, and, engaging the assistance of all our branches, maintain it with our whole strength?

3d. Should we make it our chief business to provide efficient legal aid for the Indians, in the present critical period while their land is being allotted to them?

4th. Should we continue to do as we have for the last two or three years, pay one or two salaries to the National Association for the support of a certain mission, keep up correspondence with the teachers there, and aid in supplying their needs, while we reserve the remainder of our funds to help the cause in any way thought best at the time?

The answers arrived at were as follows:

1st. The right farmers are, as might be expected, very difficult to find, and while we are still on the lookout for them, and hope in time to send a few, it cannot be our principal work.

2d. We do not consider that either our means or our experience warrant us in

assuming the entire charge of a mission, or holding property at such a distance.

3d. Both our judgment and feeling lean strongly towards this part of the work. It is not only imperative, but it is urgent, for it is something that must be done now or never, since the next three years will doubtless see all the land allotted, for good or for evil. Inspectors are needed to make sure that this is done both wisely and fairly, for there are plenty of men trying their selfish best to have it done unjustly to their own advantage and to the ruin of the Indians, who will be left to hopeless pauperism if now, in this final division of land, good and productive farms are not made their own in severalty. These inspectors must be picked men and well paid. The Indian Rights Association and the Boston Citizenship Committee are busy in the matter, and we feel it one of such anxious and pressing weight that we would gladly give it all our strength. Nevertheless, while in-

tending to help in some degree, and while some of our branches are already voting to send money to the gentlemen in charge of this business, we hold ourselves pledged to a certain extent to the National Association, that grand federation of State Associations to which we belong, for other things also of high importance, and therefore :

4th. We decide to make no especial change in our course, to do what we can for the Omaha Mission by paying Dr. Hensel's salary of \$1,000, to encourage our branches to help him with furniture for school-room, hospital building and supplies, books, comforts and conveniences of every description, and to give what else we have where it is most needed, especially for legal aid, towards which we hope to give a few hundreds, which we will joyfully make thousands, if only enough Massachusetts women will think and feel and act with us.

THE CONNECTICUT INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

BY MARIE E. IVES.

THE annual meeting of the Connecticut Indian Association, held recently in Hartford, marked the close of another year of energetic and successful work. This branch of the Women's National Indian Association is admirably organized and has a special charter for Indian work. It has auxiliaries in many cities in the state, and delegates from most of these were present at the annual meeting. Both sessions, morning and afternoon, were largely attended and elicited deep interest throughout. Mrs. Kinney, the president, to whose ability and untiring energy much of the success of the Connecticut branch is due, occupied the chair at the morning business meeting. To

give a detailed account of all the transactions would be impossible in this brief report, but the salient points can be singled out.

The Association has been working in three distinct ways in direct help given to Indians : in loaning them money to build homes when they have taken land in severalty in accordance with the Dawes bill, in educational and pioneer mission work. Two Indian girls are being educated ; one, Susan La Flesche, a Hampton graduate, and sister of the well-known "Bright Eyes," is at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, fitting herself to go back as a physician to her people ; the other, Josephine Barnaby, is at the Connecticut

Training School for Nurses at New Haven. The Association looks forward eagerly to the time when these two women shall be prepared to begin work among their needy sisters.

In pioneer mission work a good start has been made. A mission has been established at Fort Hall, Idaho, among the Bannocks and Shoshones, and two women, whose whole hearts are in the work, Miss Frost and Miss Stiles, went out last summer to begin their noble efforts. They have already accomplished much in gaining the confidence of the Indians, and seem to be possessed of just the tact and sympathy needed in their great and difficult undertaking. The agent, Mr. Gallagher, has been very helpful, and showed his interest by sending this telegram, which was read at the meeting :

"Greetings ; thanks for two most excellent, devoted, self-sacrificing Christian workers sent me."

Various reports brought out the work of the Association in its quieter, but perhaps as necessary, labors, forming public opinion and influencing government. The first of these duties is assigned to Press and Leaflet committees, who strive always to keep before the public the different phases of the Indian question, while the petition committees turn their efforts towards legislators and the enactment of wise laws for Indians. Mrs. Kinney ended the morning session with a clear and forcible address, full of encouragement on account of work accomplished, appeals for greater activity in all departments, and wise suggestions for future broadening of work and aim.

One feature, quite important and pleasing at the time, was the fine luncheon so hospitably served by the Hartford ladies, which made the intermission a delightful hour of rest and social enjoyment. The afternoon gathering was a very large rep-

resentative one, which for two hours and a half listened in close attention to the various speakers. Governor Lounsbury, who had expected to preside, being called out of the state, sent a letter expressing his hearty sympathy with the work of the Association. In his absence, Colonel Greene presided. After a few remarks concerning the work of the Association, he introduced the chief speaker of the afternoon, Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose thoughtful, strong address was heard with the deepest interest. One point he made was to emphasize the fact (which Mrs. Kinney had also emphatically presented in the morning) that the Indian question is not settled, as some seem to suppose, by the passage of the Dawes Land in Severalty bill. This, he said, simply broke down the reservation system, with all its evils, and gave to the Christian people of America a chance to solve a problem which hitherto the national government has said should not be solved.

Rev. W. J. Cleveland, a missionary for sixteen years among the Sioux of Rosebud Agency, Dakota, gave his experience of what Christianity can do in elevating the Indians. His remarks were aptly illustrated by the introduction of Joshua Givens, a full blooded Kiowa Indian, a graduate of Carlisle, who spoke at some length.

The last speaker was the president of the Women's National Indian Association, Mrs. Quinton, who made a few brief remarks, praising the Connecticut Association for its fine organization and effective work, and vividly portraying the pressing necessity for increased zeal. Mrs. Quinton's power of imbuing others with something of her own consecration and enthusiasm was exercised here, sending the delegates home with deeper desire to do their part towards helping on the great cause.

THE CARE OF THE AGED POOR.

[THE following is a report drawn by Mr. Reuben Kidner for a committee appointed by the Ward IX Conference, of the Boston Associated Charities, to consider methods of caring for the aged poor.]

THE committee began its work by addressing to societies and to individuals interested in charitable endeavor letters of inquiry, asking for information regarding the subject in question, especially with reference to the value of the method of caring for the aged in institutions, compared with that of providing pensions for them, and thus enabling them to live in private.

Among the many replies received we quote the following:

Miss Octavia Hill, London: "The experience in England is that, if able to take care of themselves, it is better to provide for the aged by means of pensions than in Homes."

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Concord, Mass., writes: "Pensioning is the best method for those who are worthy of it. Boarding out is the next best method, and applies to many more than can be safely pensioned. Third in choice, but adapted to more cases than either of the other methods, I should reckon the 'home' and the almshouse."

Mrs. Jas. T. Fields, Boston, writes: "If opportunities of saving have been passed by, if intemperance or vice has been allowed control, nothing should prevent our seeing, that to help such a person encourages improvidence, intemperance and vice in others. If relatives who ought to aid will not do so, they should be made to feel that because of their negligence the disgrace of becoming a pauper falls upon their kin. Aid must therefore come from us as a body politic to protect the community from persons infected with moral disease. Such cases should be aided only in the almshouse. Private charity does not do its full part

while any other than almshouse cases are allowed to fall into the care of the city authorities.

"If, on the other hand, savings have been swept away by misfortune, if no serious fault is behind the poverty that has fallen like a blight upon old age, we ought to be proud and glad to share our abundance with these stricken ones; and those who have been employers, or have known the aged people in any relation of life, ought to have the first claim to this privilege of doing good. If to a stranger first comes the knowledge of the need, be it his grateful duty to seek out the old friends. If none can be found, private benevolence must see that the sum necessary for comfort is regularly given."

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, Baltimore: "I am quite sure it is not the happiest way generally for old people to be shut up to the society of old people. If they could be provided for in families I should think it decidedly preferable."

Rev. James Freeman Clarke writes: "I am of opinion that to board the aged poor with relatives or friends is the most economical plan and also the one which will in most cases make them the happiest."

Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes: "As a general rule I think all institutions are to be avoided. Other things being equal, let us maintain home life as much as we can. I have little doubt that a pension of a hundred dollars a year would obtain for almost any old man a home that he would like among old friends."

Mrs. Josephine S. Lowell, New York, writes: "On general principles I believe that pensions, at home, are better than provision in institutions, provided that the former are not given from public funds, in which case I totally disapprove of them. Homes for the aged poor are

usually hard to manage and the inmates are seldom happy."

Mr. Geo. B. Buzelle, secretary of the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, writes: "Pensions and the care of the aged poor in their own homes, in any systematic way, are hardly yet sufficiently tested with us to justify any expression beyond the conviction that these methods are needed, and are now practicable in connection with the work of our friendly visitors."

Mr. W. Alex. Johnson, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Chicago, writes: "Speaking generally, I believe that the pension system for worthy poor people is for them the better way. Whether the effect on others of lessening provident habits is greater than the same effect of the 'Homes' I am not sure.

"An old man or woman lives a much more natural and therefore enjoyable life among friends than in an institution. He may still be of some service in the world helping to take care of children, doing errands and the like, and if with a family of grandchildren the old person is a perpetual object-lesson in respect.

"I was much struck by the remark made to me by an old woman of the rare kind, decent, cleanly, honest, thrifty. She had been living for years in a little room, kept as clean as a pin, on the savings she had made during her later life, but these were exhausted. I spoke of the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and advised her to go there. 'Yes,' she said, 'that is what the priest says, and, if I live to spring, I think I'll try to make up my mind to go there, but, oh! I hope the Lord will let me die before the winter is over.'"

Mr. Andrew Cushing, Boston, writes: "We have now on file forty applications for admission to the Home for Aged Women. Some of those who seek admission might doubtless be provided for among their friends, if they could be aided by some society regularly and permanently, but I have little faith in any ef-

fort to seek boarding-places for them among strangers, either in country or city. Those who would consent to board them would not make them comfortable, especially as their infirmities increased.

"I have long thought there was room for another 'Home,' whose rules should be less stringent, where those could be received who not being subjects for hospital treatment cannot be admitted to our Home."

Mr. C. S. Loch, secretary to the London Charity Organization, writes:

"1. We will try to regulate our relief to the wants of the aged applicants, not as institutions tend to force us to do, to sort our applicants according to the artificial conditions of relief.

"2. For this purpose we will create, not institutions, but combinations of workers guided by fixed principles.

"3. These combinations of workers shall seek the maximum adaptability to the wants of the individual beneficiary."

These extracts bring before us quite fully questions which are of great interest. It is obvious that the problem is complex and must be considered from various points of view.

We ask first, are the aged poor all alike? Do they all belong to one grade in the social scale? Have they all the same needs? Have they all the same deserts? These questions indicate the necessity of classification.

From several possible bases of classification, we select the following as perhaps the simplest:

1. In the first and lowest grade may be placed the depraved—those who as a rule became paupers before they became aged. Through drink and crime, while yet young, they fell out of the ranks of the world's army of workers. In addition to the supply of physical necessities, this class needs careful oversight and supervision, and the almshouses and poor farms seem, for the present at least, best calculated to afford these.

2. In the second class may be placed those who are poor because of mental infirmity—the witless and demented.

3. In a third class we place those who are poor because of physical infirmities—old persons who have long been invalids or cripples.

4. To the fourth class belong those who have led industrious and useful lives, but who in their old age, by misfortune, by the death or desertion of children, or from other causes, find themselves destitute of the means of support.

These last three classes, we think can be cared for, most happily for themselves, and most advantageously and economically for society, outside of institutions, whether public or private. We believe that in the divine economy there is a place for them in society, and that they at their period of life have functions and duties, as well as other classes, at earlier periods of life. Society needs them, and institution life, which deprives society of their ministry, we deem a mistake. An inmate of an institution is not a member of society. Savage tribes are said to bury their old people alive in the earth. Our practice of burying our old people alive in institutions may be a reminiscence of savage progenitors. In both cases it is an effort of the commonwealth to rid itself of a troublesome burden. Which is the more humane method is certainly a debatable question.

In support of this position, that old people have a place in society, and should not be deprived of that place, we offer the following reasons:

1. The reluctance of the worthy aged to be removed from society. The touching story told by Mr. Johnson, of Chicago, illustrates with pathos an experience familiar in some form to all visitors among the poor. Old people do not want to go into institutions. Nothing but dire necessity ever secures their consent to the removal.

2. Secondly, the inmates of Homes for

the aged are as a rule unhappy. This is proverbial. The idea of a serene and happy old age does not associate itself with institutions. No matter how comfortable may be the place, how kind and vigilant the managers, how wise and efficient the superintendent, peace and content refuse to dwell there.

It is not to be expected that they should. After sixty or more years of free life, the restraints and conventions necessarily imposed by the institution cannot but be irksome. Continual association with contemporaries cannot but be monotonous. Enforced idleness with its consequent sense of uselessness cannot but be depressing.

3. Our third reason for objection to the isolation of the aged is the resultant loss to society. This loss is of two kinds, moral and material. The presence of old people has a moral effect. It teaches respect and reverence. Just as the young child's helpless innocence calls out the tenderest feelings, so do gray hairs and infirmity awaken pity and compassion. On the occasion of a visit to a poor sick old woman, one of your committee recently found chalked upon the door, evidently by a child's hand, the words, "Poor Mrs. D." The presence of Mrs. D. was a benediction to that court. It is distinctly a poorer place to live in since her death.

The material loss is by no means small. The actual service rendered by the aged in the homes of the poor, while not readily measured by the standards of the labor market, is large. Where there are families of young children, they are invaluable. Multitudes of orphan children are cared for by them. In visits among the sick, do we not nearly always find an old woman at the bedside? But for the old women, the sick poor would get very little nursing.

These reasons seem to your committee of sufficient weight to justify the conclusion that a wise and enlightened policy in

caring for the aged poor will not encourage their removal to institutions, but will devise methods of providing for their wants as members of society.

Methods of this kind are always in operation, and will we believe secure wider adoption as their excellence becomes increasingly apparent.

Associations controlling invested funds, and appealing to the public for subscriptions, such as the Tower Hamlets Pension Committee of London and the Widows' Society of Boston, give regular pensions to aged poor people. The distributing agents in the associations are volunteer visitors, who maintain a friendly rather than an official relation with the beneficiaries. Pains are taken to keep the association accurately informed of the condition and welfare of those to whom it gives aid.

The amount given by these associations is in no case large, but it is often adequate, and when inadequate has usually the effect of stimulating provision from other and natural sources. Thus for example: a laboring man with a large family might be utterly unable to carry the additional burden of the support of his wife's mother, but if the old woman received a dollar a week regularly from some responsible source, it would be possible for him to give her a home. So also it often occurs that, when a church or a society gives a small pension, some friend or relative comes forward, and supplements the gift, his inability to assume the entire support preventing him before that from attempting to do anything.

Here the distinction made by Mr. Sanborn between pensions and boarding out may be recalled. The pension is given only to those who are fully trustworthy. On the other hand, those are boarded out who are not at all able to manage their own affairs, but must be put under the care of those who board them. The fourth of the classes mentioned above

would naturally be recipients of pensions, while the second and third classes, which included those more or less helpless, would be boarded out.

About twenty-five years ago, it was proposed to found a home for aged women in Newport, R. I. Before taking positive action, those interested in the movement made inquiry abroad and in this country concerning various methods of caring for the aged poor. Their investigations led them to abandon the idea of establishing a Home, and in its stead a society was founded, similar in character to those already named. The action then taken has never been regretted. Newport is still without a Home, but about one hundred poor persons are pensioned and boarded by this society, which now possesses a large fund.

In conclusion, let us look at the subject from an economical point of view.

The Widows' Society gives one dollar per week to its beneficiaries. The Home for Aged Men gives to outside beneficiaries an average pension of about two dollars a week. As we have seen, Mr. Hale thinks that a pension of one hundred dollars a year would obtain for almost any old man a home that he would like among old friends. Cases are known to your committee where paralytics and others who required much attention were boarded for three dollars a week. An adequate pension therefore may vary from one to three dollars a week.

The following are samples of the cost in institutions:

Austin Farm reports the expense of each inmate at \$1.75 per week.

Two Homes for Aged Women report the weekly cost per inmate at \$3.50 and \$4.00 respectively, while in one of the Homes for Aged Men the cost rises as high as \$8.00 per week per inmate.

But in reckoning the cost of maintenance in these institutions, no account is taken of the interest on the capital invested in the land and buildings occupied by the

Home. Were this done, the weekly average would of course be largely raised.

One of the Homes has an income derived principally from invested funds of \$15,000. Its land and buildings if rented would probably yield \$10,000 more—a total income of \$25,000. The number

of inmates is eighty-five. We cannot but think that the board of directors, who manage in a most admirable manner this important trust, could, were it in the form of an annual cash income of \$25,000, effectively and happily care for more than eighty-five aged poor persons.

CO-OPERATION—TRUE AND FALSE.

BY JOHN FRETWELL.

ALMOST every sacred or beneficial cause, no matter how lofty its aim, has been discredited by swindlers, who have tried to prostitute to evil purposes the power gained by the good reputation of the cause.

So it is with co-operation in England, and still more in America, where almost every undertaking that I have seen advertised under the name deserved to fail, because it wanted some of the most essential elements of true co-operation.

Co-operation, as I understand it, means the application of the spirit of the Gospel to industrial and commercial relations; and where this principle has been adhered to, it has also served well the best interests of the co-operators.

As one among the many instances of sham co-operation in my own country, I may mention those limited Liability Cotton Spinning Mills, which are known in England as the Oldham Co-ops.

Both names are misnomers, for the ability to lie seems to be the only unlimited thing about their promoters.

That to earn profits and to give labor precisely what co-operation seeks to attain, a higher share in those profits than was practicable under the system of private ownership, was certainly very limited indeed.

Putting aside the moral defects of these undertakings, I will mention here only one practical defect, which alone demol-

ishes the claim of the Oldham Co-ops to be counted among legitimate co-operative undertakings.

They produced cotton yarns, not for the certain market afforded by the demand of co-operators themselves, but for competition in the open yarn market, for sale to private weaving mills, and in rivalry with the products of well-organized private enterprise.

It was not in this way that the Rochdale pioneers and the co-operative flour mills of Leeds achieved their phenomenal success.

The latter were established on a small scale to supply the families of their projectors with pure bread, at a time when the words baker and adulterator were almost synonymous in the British language.

They had a certain demand for all their product, in the physical necessities of their shareholders and their families; and therefore there was no danger of over-production.

So far as the co-operative manufacturers of England have adhered to this principle, and have wisely managed their affairs, they have been very successful indeed; where they have departed from it they have failed, as they deserved to fail.

The operative producer exercises a tremendous power on the markets as a consumer, for though he may spend but five

or six dollars a week, yet when that is multiplied by the millions of households expending this average, and organized by co-operative stores, its aggregate will exceed the added incomes of all our millionaires.

Believing, as I do, that in co-operation may be found a more effectual cure for the chief evils of our industrial and commercial life than in any other way, I attended some time ago the co-operative congress at Oldham, in Lancashire, the chief seat of cotton-spinning in the world.

In the previous year, the co-operative societies of the United Kingdom had done a trade of \$130,000,000, and earned net profits exceeding \$10,000,000, or above thirty per cent on their share capital.

And this pecuniary advantage was exceeded by the indirect advantages the members derived from their co-operation, both social, educational and moral. They had learned how to help themselves best by lending a hand to each other.

At this congress was a most interesting exhibition of the products of co-operative industry, including shawls, alpacas, shirtings, sheetings, woolens and worsteds, clothing, cords, moleskins, velveteens, boots and shoes, cutlery, watches, mirrors and picture frames, stationery, and many other things which enter into the consumption of the ordinary operative. And if I have already mentioned the sham co-ops as examples of "How not to do it," I found here many examples of "How to do it" in order to raise both the material and moral status of the wage earner.

Among the co-operative factories that I investigated more closely was that of the Hebden Bridge Fustian Manufacturing Society, Limited.

This began with a small tailor's shop, supplying its customers with strong working clothes, made from cotton cords and velveteens.

By degrees this little tailoring establishment, supplying co-operators only, grew to such an extent that its demand for fin-

ished cords and velveteens was enough to support a small finishing shop.

This soon grew so large as to make a steady demand for the work of a good dye-house, so a dye-house was built.

When this was established the managers found that they could safely risk the capital necessary for a cutting shop, where the pile on the velvets and corduroys is cut. When I visited them, they had got so far as to have an assured demand for the produce of 300 looms, and so they were erecting a weaving shed, and had ordered the looms for filling it.

Here they will probably stop, for the overproduction of cotton yarns in England will enable them to buy the yarns more cheaply than they can make them.

All the operatives in that factory were also shareholders, and they were paying seven and a half per cent dividend on the share capital, and could borrow money at as low a rate of interest as any manufacturing undertaking in England.

At the close of every year they divided a considerable surplus, beyond the above mentioned seven and a half per cent, between the shareholders, the customers and the operatives; and, judging from what I saw of the home life of these operatives at Hebden Bridge, I am certain that they enjoyed a higher standard of physical comfort than men working in the industries of dyeing, finishing, tailoring in the United States.

They were healthy, robust and intelligent, had quite as much leisure as the average textile worker in America, and spent it far more sensibly.

The manager, Mr. Greenwood, was a model co-operator, a shrewd Yorkshireman, full of enthusiasm for the co-operative idea, and of good sense for its practical application. Those who would "lend a hand" in showing the wage paid classes of America how to help themselves and their country could not do better than take a few lessons from this man, and the works which he manages.

THOUGHTS FOR THE COUNTRY.

[*A New England woman's experience.*]

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so many young persons, in their early married life, settle in cities, living in apartments, or boarding-houses, with no domestic life, as it would seem, instead of forming for themselves a home, however small, in the country, around which so many associations would cluster, endearing it to them more and more as the years roll on. That many are deterred by the expense I doubt not, and I therefore venture to lay before such persons a statement of my own experience, showing what may be done with very limited means. I shall be only too glad if any words of mine shall prove the means of inducing others to make a like trial, and trust that they may be rewarded by as much happiness and content therefrom as I have found in my simple country home.

I purchased, four years ago, within half an hour's distance of New York, a small piece of land, 25 feet wide by 200 feet deep, at a cost of \$1,600. I put up on this a house 22 feet wide by 38 deep, at a cost of \$6,400, or \$8,000 in all—this includes gas pipes, furnace, in short all the comforts and conveniences of a city home (a much less expensive one, of course, could be built, if desired).

It stands 30 feet from the road. Twenty feet back of the house are reserved for drying clothes, leaving 112 feet by 25 for my garden, in which I planted the small fruits, such as raspberries, black and red, currants and grapes, with a few flowers to please the eye. The small fruits gave me, at the lowest estimate, last summer 125 quarts. As the grapes were an afterthought, I can only give the result of the second year, which was much less than

it will be another summer, say 10 to 15 pounds in all.

At one time, I reserved a small space in the lower part of my garden for tomatoes and had enough from a few plants to supply my table three times a day, during the summer, and an abundance of green ones, in the autumn, for pickling.

The space in front of the house is made attractive and pretty by the different creeping vines, such as wistaria, honeysuckle, scarlet runners, morning-glories and nasturtiums. These climb gracefully over the balcony and fences, or are trained over frames and stumps of trees; we also planted borders of mignonette, geraniums, etc. A friend gracefully contributed to our pleasure by sending us a quantity of tulip bulbs, so that we had all through the spring a beautiful display of brilliant flowers.

A year or two after I had completed my house, and planted my small garden, I was fortunate enough to obtain possession, temporarily, of a lot of land adjoining my own, which I planted in vegetables, and though this was not included in the original plan, I make mention of it, as the whole amount of land is not greater than the means of many to whom I write would permit them to own.

My new piece of land is 175 feet wide by 200 feet deep, and I give the result and cost of one year's farming. It was ploughed once in the early autumn at an expense of \$6, and again in the following spring for the same price. Twenty-five loads of manure, at \$1 per load, were put over the land.

A strawberry bed of 500 plants, at a cost of \$1 per hundred, including planting, was set out. This being the first year,

we had only a return of four or five quarts; another summer we anticipate a large crop.

A barrel and a half of "Early Rose" potatoes were used for planting. They yielded enough to supply my own family of ten, and my son's of six, persons, during the entire summer, and we had fifteen barrels over for our winter supply.

The other vegetables, etc., were green peas, string beans, lima beans, beets, carrots, white and yellow turnips, parsnips, corn, summer squashes, spinach, cucumbers, onions, lettuce, parsley, melons, rhubarb, cabbages, egg-plants and tomatoes in the greatest abundance. The number of egg-plants was a constant surprise. There were enough tomatoes to supply six families during the summer, besides leaving a large quantity of green ones for pickling

in the autumn. We sold \$15 worth of cabbages, after giving them away liberally during the entire season.

I now sum up the cost:

Ploughing twice	\$12.00
Manure	25.00
Strawberry bed	5.00
Potatoes for planting	3.00
Seeds	10.00
Egg-plants	1.00
Rhubarb	2.00
Tomato plants	2.50
Lettuce75
Planting and extra labor	10.00
	\$71.25

The weeding, hoeing, etc., were done by a boy of eighteen, at \$10 a month, who lives in our family the year round, doing all the out-door work of the house.

With this simple statement of facts I close, hoping that some few at least may be induced to do likewise.

MY GIFT.

BY E. W. PEARSON.

HAD I at command like a king
A boon to bestow upon mankind,
There is among others a thing,
Oft has appeared to my mind,
Joy untold would entail.

I'd look not so much to the future
In bestowing this gift of mine,
For that unto every creature
Is a book of unwritten line
Wherein we can trace as we please.

But I'd turn, ah! yes, to the past,
That man, alas! never forgets,
And wipe from the first to the last,
The last to the first, his *regrets*
From the deep crimson pages of life.

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FARMING FOR WOMEN.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

AMONG the new industries of women, farming is steadily and deservedly growing in favor. In the four states, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota and Nebraska, there were, according to the census of 1888, 2,379 farms owned and cultivated by women, and the number has very largely increased since that time. In Dakota, a young woman physician, in the leisure of a slowly growing practice, has homesteaded and is carrying on a farm, and two young women of sixteen in the same state are very successfully engaged in stock-farming, while in California and Florida a very considerable number of women are profitably engaged in the culture of oranges and other fruits. The reversal by the Secretary of the Interior, in 1886, of the decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, declaring that women who had made homestead entries forfeited, by marriage, their right to complete the same, has doubtless tended to increase the number of women farmers, and by drafting off women to the new states and territories may indirectly tend to relieve the eastern states of their surplus female population, and of some of the perplexing problems incident thereto.

This is altogether a move in the right direction. Farming is entirely a suitable, dignified and profitable occupation for women. The prejudice against their employment in agricultural labor, which arose from the brutish and degraded condition of the peasant women in some European countries, and of the women of barbarous tribes, has been gradually dying out. It has come to be understood that the degradation of these women is the result of other conditions than the mere fact of out-of-door work, and it has

come to be recognized that not only the superintendence of the labors of a farm and its financial management are duties eminently suited to woman's best powers, but that the details of its work are by no means beyond her physical powers. The use of machines in large farming makes much possible to women which might otherwise be beyond their strength, but even the more arduous labors of pioneer farming, the felling of trees and fencing of land and breaking of sod have recently been performed with entire success by young women of no less education and refinement than strength and courage.

Horticulture and floriculture are especially adapted to women, and market gardening is a truly ideal occupation for women whose education in practical finance is sufficiently thorough to make them equal to the management of a business which requires a large capital and involves many risks, but the labors of which are admirably fitted for women, and the profits of which under intelligent management are enormous and seldom failing.

One circumstance that renders farming preëminently desirable as an industry for women is that its demands are in no manner incompatible with their duties as wives or as mothers. Nearly every occupation of equal dignity and profit has its fixed days and hours, and any irregularity in meeting its demands is disastrous; but the exigencies of farming permit of such flexibility of plans and arrangements as leaves ample room both for the ordinary and extraordinary demands of home and domestic life. Especially is this true of tree planting and forest culture, an industry which has yet

to be developed in this country, and which is especially a woman's business, since women rather than men have a genius for minute care and for patient waiting and find it more easy to live sparingly and self-denyingly while waiting for future returns.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the gracious influences of the contact with nature, the free out-door life, the active exercise of farming. No more wholesome correction of the narrowing tendencies of women's lives, the minute economies, the petty carefulnesses, the anxious consideration of minor laws and traditions, inevitable in most of them, can possibly be found. A marked improvement, not only in the health but in the moral tone of American women, would be sure to follow upon their adoption on any considerable scale of this industry in its various branches.

Up to the present time, women farmers are found almost exclusively in the west or extreme south. Why should not New England women take up farming, and take it up right here, in their homes and on the farms which their fathers and brothers are abandoning for more remunerative work elsewhere? The problem of the industry of New England women is only more perplexing than that other problem of the rapid deterioration and abandonment of New England farms and

homesteads. Granting that there is "not money enough" in a worn-out New England farm for an active and ambitious young man, there may still be enough for a woman, to whom a home in a settled country among refined associations, with the privileges of cultured society, churches, schools and libraries, is worth more than a chance of future riches. All over New England, especially in Maine and New Hampshire, are houses, large, roomy, luxurious even, in comparison with the city quarters of poor folk, standing deserted in the midst of worn-out farms, which, turned into timber lands, or even cultivated as farms, would give a home and health and happiness to the hard-worked, almost starving, widowed mothers of unruly city boys, who are growing up to be the pest and the problem of their time, but who, transplanted to such country homes, would be redeemed to usefulness and manhood. Or let it become an acknowledged and understood fact that the women of a family are fully competent to carry on the farm, leaving the men free to seek occupation in the neighboring towns and cities, and there will no longer be the pressing need of breaking up dear associations, and leaving ancestral homes, to seek in the far West that livelihood which the old farm is inadequate by itself to give.

THERE is, indeed, much in nature that we do not yet half enjoy, because we shut our avenues of sensation and feeling. We are satisfied with the matter of fact and look not for the spirit of fact which is above it. If we opened our minds to enjoyment, we might find tranquil pleasures spread about us on every side. We might live with the angels that visit us on every sunbeam, and sit with the fairies who wait on every flower. We want more loving knowledge to enable us to enjoy life and we require to cultivate the art of making the most of the common means and appliances for enjoyment which lie about us on every side.—*Samuel Smiles.*

CONVALESCENT HOMES.

For centuries the most imperative charitable work has been that of caring for the sick poor in hospitals. Until recent times, however, the conditions under which they were administered were such that patients went to them most unwillingly. Now, with excellent sanitary conditions, cheerful surroundings, trained nurses and every appliance for comfort, the demands for admittance constantly increase and means to build new wards is asked by every hospital faster than supplied.

Happily, another way has been found to meet the emergency, by founding Convalescent Homes for those who still need care and rest, though not treatment, and who could not otherwise be discharged from the hospital—thus giving place to patients. Among such homes is the St. Luke's Home for Convalescents, established sixteen years ago in Boston, and St. Lukeland's, recently founded in Baltimore by the Hospital Relief Association of Maryland, organized May, 1880.

Every state should have such a body. To show its value a summary of work done is here given:

The Hospital Relief Association founded the Home for Incurables and raised the first \$5,000 towards it.

The Hospital Relief Association founded the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, which provides free beds for the sick poor, and is now represented in it by Dr. Eugene F. Cordell, the vice-president of the Association.

The Hospital Relief Association has founded St. Lukeland, the new sanitarium, near Catonsville, which it owns, and has thus far carried on successfully.

During the six years of its existence the Hospital Relief Association has furnished all the hospitals of every denomination in Baltimore with books, magazines, book-

cases and sets of shelves, garments, bouquets of flowers and beautiful pictures, distributed weekly papers, and paid visits. In addition to all this a number of concerts have been given at the hospitals, easy-chairs, writing-desks, stationery, etc., provided, and quantities of fruit and delicacies distributed, besides thousands of daily and weekly papers.

HOW YOU CAN HELP THE ASSOCIATION.

1. By becoming a member (active, honorary or life).
2. By visiting the different hospitals, and seeing for yourself what has been done.
3. By telling others about it.
4. By sending books, magazines and papers, pictures, flowers, fruit, delicacies, clothing, etc.
5. By loaning your carriage occasionally to the chairman of such of the committees as may need it, especially the flower mission and committee on music.
6. By remembering it in your will.
7. By assisting in supporting St. Lukeland, and by interesting others in it.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

December, 1887.

Friends and Members of the Hospital Relief Association of Maryland:

Continued usefulness and success seem to have marked the seventh year of our association's work, and we have to thank each and every one of you for the substantial and able manner in which you have seconded every effort of ours to relieve the many suffering ones in our midst.

Referring you to the various reports of the committees on music, books, pictures, flowers, clothing, fruit, delicacies and visiting, on other pages; as an evidence of the comprehensiveness of our work, and

the amount of good done in the various hospitals of the city, we will pass on and give a brief account of our new work and the wonderful success that has attended it. At the January, 1886, meeting of the Hospital Relief Association, it was proposed that we should found a Cottage Convalescent Hospital in the country, the idea being to have the institution open during the summer, and both convalescents from the hospitals and the sick poor of the city be received, no patient to be allowed to remain longer than a week or two. Any one who has visited the hospitals of Baltimore and the homes of the sick poor during the intense heat can well understand what a help in regaining health and strength the fresh, invigorating air of the country would be.

We are very glad to report that, although it is only about a year and a half since the first dollar was contributed, we have been able to purchase a beautiful place with twenty-one acres of land, eleven acres of which is in beautiful woodland with a cottage and outbuildings, which we have thoroughly repaired, beautified and put in perfect order. An attractive tenant's house has been built. The grounds have been laid off suitably, and St. Lukeland has been made one of the most lovely sanitariums in the country. The most gratifying thing is that the whole place and improvements have been paid for in full, and we are, in this very short time, free of debt, thanks to the generous patronage of the people of Baltimore who have so kindly helped us. The sanitarium was opened on August 1st last, which was as soon as the alterations were completed. We were able to receive

twenty patients, who were greatly benefited. We call your attention to the fact that St. Lukeland sanitarium is free, with the exception of one pay room, and it receives all sick poor and deserving cases, no distinction being made on account of religion. If any of the members should know of any worthy cases at any time, application can be made to the board at Catonsville or to any of the managers of the Hospital Relief Association. We wish this fact known. We will be pleased if you will visit the place for yourselves, and we are sure you will say that St. Lukeland is capable of being developed into one of the finest charitable institutions in the state of Maryland.

EXTRACT FROM MATRON'S REPORT OF
ST. LUKELAND.

All the patients left improved, and without a dissenting voice expressed much pleasure and gratitude for the kindness shown them. They have been of all creeds and ages. The cottage has been run, without restraint of any kind, as a sort of Liberty Hall, the enforced quiet at nine o'clock p. m. being the only regulation. A perfect home feeling pervaded the place, which was felt and appreciated by all; you would hear such expressions as, "our benches have come," "shall I take our hammock in?" etc. All made themselves perfectly at home, and helped much about the house. An afghan has been completed by the different inmates, tidies for the chairs; much help was given toward the making up of the household linen. During the time when our household numbered ten, all helped in dish washing, cleaning up, etc.

If society will not use its prosperity to save the ignorant and poor from the blackest vice, if it will even quicken vice by its selfishness and luxury, its worship of wealth, its scorn of human nature, then it must suffer, and deserves to suffer, from crime.

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Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down:—
Look forward and not back:—
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand."

ON the twenty-fourth day of March, at the invitation of the Welcome and Correspondence Club, the Ten Times One clubs of Boston and the neighborhood met in the vestry of the South Congregational Church. As there was some limit to the rooms for meeting, the W. and C. Club asked each of the clubs invited to send ten delegates. Those who received invitations communicated them in some instances to others, before unknown to the Welcome and Correspondence Club, and twenty-five clubs were represented, generally by delegations nearly full.

There were also present many gentlemen and ladies who are cordial believers in Ten Times One Is Ten, and came to express their interest and sympathy.

Of Mr. Hale's "original ten" five persons were present and a cordial note of sympathy was received from the son of Harry Wadsworth, who was not able to attend. Three of this "original ten" are in the higher service of the heavenly life. A fourth is on the other side of the ocean. But those who met here are sure of the help and interest of those whom they did not see.

The Port Royal Club, which was the oldest club which reported, was formed in 1862. It adopted the four mottoes before they were written, having found them, indeed, in a book much older than the life of Harry Wadsworth and having taken them from the Master whom Harry Wadsworth loves.

The meeting was called to order at four o'clock. Mr. Hale welcomed the clubs and gave some account of similar meetings which he had attended elsewhere. Mrs. Whitman read recent club reports, some of which will be found in this number of LEND A HAND. Mr. Wilbur, of the Harvard Divinity School, made a report on the present condition of the song book which has been so much asked for and so long hoped for.

All our readers will be glad to know that, thanks to Mr. Wilbur, Mr. Shippen, Miss Atwater, Mr. Arthur Hale and many other active workers, the song book is nearly ready for the press. We shall hope to announce it in an early number.

In a wholly informal way, partly in conversation and partly in addresses to the whole company, reports were made from several of the clubs. One never tires in the midst of the infinite variety of the devices which the clubs find for doing the King's work. The Eliot club in Maine has addressed itself to that very difficult problem with regard to which we have printed so many letters: the best way for quickening and enlarging the social life of the young people in a country town where the residences are widely scattered. Five "King's Daughters" went to work there a year ago. They have been so successful in the midst of a community which must be one of unusual public spirit and intelligence that out of a population of 1,600 persons, 900 are now members of their Public Library Association. They have a public reading-room with proper apartments for conversation and amusement and this is largely and regularly attended. They have several hundred dollars already collected towards their public library. We hope to be able before long to print a

further report, giving some details of their work for the last year. And we shall specially dedicate this report to those friends of ours, in prosperous country towns in Maine, who think that, because they have no paupers in the almshouse and no prisoners in the House of Correction, there is nothing left for public-spirited people to do in bringing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The oldest Boston Lend a Hand Club engaged itself in clothing poor babies. The Shawmut Avenue Social Club maintains a club-room which is open every evening for various purposes of value to the ninety members and their friends. The Rev. Mr. Bush reported for the four clubs organized under one head in Needham. Rev. Mr. Clark of the "Christian Endeavor" gave an account of its origin and growth.

The conversation and speeches were enlivened by admirable music and singing from ladies and gentlemen who were glad to give this indication of their interest in the occasion.

At six o'clock a very pretty supper was served by the young ladies of the Welcome and Correspondence Club. After supper the speaking was resumed and, though many of the clubs had a considerable distance to travel before they reached their homes, every one seemed unwilling to go away.

ONCE ONE 'IS ONE.*

Letting "the Lord Take Care of the Higher Numbers."

BY MRS. H. ANNETTE POOLE.

THE Christmas holidays were well past, and as Mrs. Burleigh jogged the cradle with her foot, and put new sleeves in Ethel's night-gowns, she sighed a little regretfully as she thought how much the filling of the Christmas stockings had cost; and now she would have to pinch the rest of the winter to make up for it. Here were Ethel's elbows out already, and she did not like to ask Erastus for another cent. Then the baby settled into his nap, Mrs. Burleigh prepared dinner, and her husband came in from the shop and the children from sliding.

"I wish Christmas was coming again next week," said Ethel.

"I think once a year quite often enough," replied her mother. "And yet it is a blessed season for the poor! It always does my heart good to hear of

the Christmas distributions; I always wish I could do such things."

"Well, I don't know," responded her husband, slowly, as he filled the children's plates. "I wish, myself, that the spirit of Christmas giving could somehow be made to extend through the year. It seems to me I would rather give some poor body a good dinner after Christmas than just then. There is Miss Jepson, for instance. I saw her in the market this morning when I stopped to order the dinner. She looked more pinched and prim than ever, if that is possible; and she bought five cents' worth of liver and two sausages. Of course she goes over to Rowland to eat Thanksgiving dinner with her Cousin Jared and his wife, but she never goes anywhere else. I believe it would be a good thing to ask her over here to dinner or tea once in a while."

"That makes me think of something

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Arthur Parker was talking about on the pond to-day," said Theo, the eldest child. "His father heard about it at a ministers' meeting. It is something about every one trying to influence ten other people to be good, or doing something for them—like asking them to dinner. Arthur could explain it beautifully, and it is called 'Ten times one is ten.'"

Mrs. Burleigh looked up from cutting meat and mashing potatoes for Ethel, and pushed the spoon-holder farther beyond baby's eager grasp.

"Dear me, Erastus, how in the world could I invite people to dinner or tea, even if we could afford the expense? It is all I can do to get the meals as it is, with nobody to do a hand's turn but myself. And ten people! Mrs. Parker keeps two servants, and has only one child, and he in the grammar school! She has plenty of time for 'Ten times one is ten.'"

"That is the end of the table," piped up Fred, aged seven. "The beginning is 'Once one is one.' You ought to say that first."

Everybody laughed, as we elders do when the children interject their little remarks into our wise conversation and we think they do not understand; but oftentimes their innocence reaches farther than our wisdom.

"There you have it!" said Mr. Burleigh, nodding at his wife. "Fred, it is a great thing to know your multiplication table. Amelia, we can't do 'Ten times one is ten,' but perhaps Miss Jepson will be our 'Once one is one.'" And Mr. Burleigh picked up his hat and passed out.

"That is just like a man!" thought Mrs. Burleigh, as she piled the plates together. "As if I could ask Miss Jepson in here at any time! The baby would be sure to take that very day to cut a new tooth, and I couldn't even ask her to tea without sponge-cake and custard, at the very least. She would expect it, of course. And what would she think to

come right in here—into the midst of the children's litter and din?"

As she sat at her sunny window—sewing—that afternoon, Miss Jepson went by, with her old black shawl drawn tightly around her meager shoulders, and the same rusty-black straw bonnet, with its limp ties, which she had worn for years.

"She does look forlorn!" thought Mrs. Burleigh. "It must be lonely for her to sit in that one room and make button-holes day after day. To be sure, she owns that little house; but she has nothing else except what she earns. I wish I could ask her in to just what we have ourselves; but I am afraid she would feel I had not 'made company' of her. Still, poor as we are, it must be better than what she has at home. I have a great mind to try it."

By and by Miss Jepson came back down the street, and, just before she reached the gate, Mrs. Burleigh made an errand out to the front door to bring in Fred's sled, which he had left square across the walk, while he trotted off on some boyish errand. Miss Jepson looked up with her little half smile, and slightly paused as if longing for a friendly salutation. Mrs. Burleigh's heart warmed to her at once.

"How do you do, Miss Jepson?" called she, cheerily. "You see what we mothers find to fill up our time." And she shook the snow off a little red mitten that lay beside the sled. Perhaps the mate was on Fred's hand; perhaps not.

"Fred does kite round considerable, don't he?" responded Miss Jepson, cordially. "He always makes me think of my little brother Jimmie—just so full of life and fun—and all you said to him in at one ear and out of the other; but Jimmie made a smart man, too," and a shade passed over the worn face.

Mrs. Burleigh knew that James Jepson, youngest of the large family of which the angular spinster before her had been

the eldest, had been the pride and delight of his sister's heart from the time she took him out of her dying mother's arms until word had been brought her that he had fallen bravely at Chancellorsville; and then the sister, who had borne up bravely under loss of kindred and property, gave up all at once, and settled into a grim, silent, elderly woman.

Mrs. Burleigh spoke out impulsively.

"Wont you come in and sit awhile, Miss Jepson?" said she, kindly.

"Well, I don't know but I will," replied the spinster; and she came up the walk and into the cozy room which served for dining-room and sitting-room in one, with its little strew of toys and picture-books, and open sewing-machine, with Ethel's cut-out gingham aprons piled up on one end. The mending-basket stood there with its obvious indications of the presence of children, so different from Miss Jepson's own prim, orderly room, with everything at its proper angle, and not so much as a canary to scatter seed about.

"Lay off your bonnet, and draw up to the stove," said Mrs. Burleigh, hospitably, resuming her low rocker, and taking up some sewing. The baby crept to Miss Jepson's feet, pulled up by her chair, and pounded her knee with his small fist to attract attention.

"You pretty little thing!" said she, taking him into her lap, to his mother's great astonishment. When, in a moment or two, he squirmed down and crept away on some baby impulse known only to himself, Miss Jepson took the mending-basket into her lap, and drew a thimble from her pocket.

"Nothing seems so folksy to me as a mending-basket," said she, pulling Theo's stocking over her hand. "Mother and I used to have such good times over ours, years ago."

How fast her practised fingers reduced the pile in that basket!

"There," said she, replacing the miss-

ing string on baby's bib; "I don't know when I've taken a stitch for a child before, and it has done me good, I do believe. I've kept mother's old, big basket all these years, and it looks more like her than anything else I've got."

Mrs. Burleigh rose and substituted a white cloth for the red one on the dining-table, which occupied the center of the table.

"How short the afternoons are!" said she. "You must have a cup of my tea, Miss Jepson;" and she clattered the cups and plates hospitably as she brought them from the closet. She brought out light, fresh bread, new gingerbread (brown and spicy), cheese on a plate like a green leaf—the children wanted something on that plate every day, it was so pretty—a little brown and white platter of cold meat (because Mr. Burleigh liked something hearty), opened a glass jar of peaches, and that was all. It was only every-day fare—such as they always had—after all, and she wondered if she had laid herself open to criticism by inviting company without first making ready.

The children came in with their rattling tongues and little clatter of getting off rubbers and coats and mittens, hushed somewhat at the sight of the unusual visitor. Mr. Burleigh came in with his cordial hand-shake and hearty welcome, and then tea was ready.

How pleasant it all was to the poor, lonely woman! It was a long time since she had enjoyed anything so much as that simple family meal, for the cousin who always invited her to Thanksgiving dinner had no children, and, as Mr. Burleigh had said, she never went elsewhere. He escorted her down the street to the little cottage of which she only used two rooms, except in the heat of summer, when the cooking-stove was moved in the "out-room." She let herself in, hung up her bonnet and shawl in the little entry, and sat down in the old wooden rocker, with its cushion of red and blue

woolen patchwork, before the stove, which emitted a rosy gleam as soon as she opened the drafts and poked it a bit.

"Well, Amanda Jepson," said she to herself, "I don't know when you've taken a whole afternoon to visit your neighbors before. It was just as well, though, seeing Ferguson wouldn't have any button-holes till to-morrow, and then he'll send them down by the boy. The Burleighs are bright and cheerful, that's a fact; the children fly 'round just as ours used to. I had a real good time, any way, and I'd like to pass it on. Wonder if I couldn't now!"

She glanced round the room. The floor had a warm rag carpet, the lounge was gay with a cover and cushion of big-flowered calico, a covered sink was in one corner, and a little stand between the windows held the Bible and almanac, while the rush-bottomed chairs, ranged round the walls, stood up as stiff as soldiers in parade.

"I'll invite Widow Parkinson," soliloquized Miss Jepson. "She's as lonesome as I be, and I don't know but lonesomer. Parkinson wa'n't one to set the river afire when he was alive, but she always seemed to set store by him, too, and the children all died when they was little. She aint got much of this world's substance, any more than I have, and I guess not as much, finally. I'd have to do a little cooking beforehand. 'Taint with me as 'tis with Mrs. Burleigh. Of course, with so many children, she has to keep cooked up, and so she's always ready if a body comes in unexpected."

If she had only known Mrs. Burleigh's trepidation lest she was not as ready as she should have been! In the morning she thought of the subject again as she spread a napkin over the end of the table and sat down to a slice of toast and a cup of weak tea.

"I'll ask Widow Parkinson to tea this very day," said she. "I declare, I don't know when I've so much as turned up the

leaf of this table for a meal's victuals. I'll set the table out and turn up *both* leaves, just for looks' sake. I'm glad now Cousin Jared's wife would put in that little jar of plums when I came home. And I'll make some sugar drop-cakes. I haven't made any for years; not since those I sent to Jimmie with his stockings and mittens when Colonel Knox came home on furlough and offered to carry little parcels back. Jimmie wrote back how good they tasted, and how I must have a lot baked when he came home. But it wasn't so to be; that was the last letter that ever I had. But I'll make some of those identical cakes to-day. I wont get any dinner, and then I'll have that dried beef for supper. I'll shave it up this morning, and then to-night I'll frizzle it, and toss up a few biscuit; and I hope it'll relish."

When the boy came with the bundle from the tailor, she despatched him with a note to Widow Parkinson, requesting the favor of her company that afternoon. She came early, urged by curiosity as to the reason of so unwonted a proceeding.

"Why, Amandy Jepson!" was her salutation; "has anything happened ye? I hurried up along as soon as I could, for I didn't know but ye'd been took sick, or burnt ye, or something."

"No, Maria, I haint," said Miss Jepson; "but, somehow, it seemed so lonesome here all by myself, I thought I'd send out for company. So take off your things and draw up to the fire, and, by and by, we'll have a good cup o' tea to chirk us up a bit."

Nothing loth, Widow Parkinson sat down on the other side of the cheery cooking-stove, and unrolled her work—some plain sewing for the busy mother of a growing family.

"Do you get enough to do this winter, Maria?" asked her hostess.

"Well, much as ever. I take anything I can get: carpet rags to cut and sew, bed comforts to make, or children's stock-

ings to knit, anything that's honest and wants a needle to it. I've been makin' carpets and sheets and pillow-cases for Waters's store. He's furnishin' the new hotel. But that's over now, and I don't know what'll be next. If it wa'n't for the rent, and coal bein' so high, I could manage to get enough to eat, I guess, and I don't need no gre't o' clo'se. Parkinson, he worked hard to get me a sewin'-machine when he see he wa'n't goin' to last; but I've got to give up my room, and I don't know where I'll house the machine, or my head, either. Mis' Elder's son has writ to say he's a-comin' home to live. He's got a job up in the wooden-ware shop, and he's bringin' a wife; so they'll want that room, of course. He's a likely young man, by all tell, and, if he's got as nice a wife as I should judge from the piece she writ in the letter—as lovin' and dutiful as ever you see!—his mother's goin' to see good days yet. But that don't help me none, as I see."

"Well, Maria, I wouldn't worry about it; there'll be some place provided," said Miss Jepson, as she rose to make her biscuits. A new and daring scheme had entered her mind, but she shut her lips tightly over it.

"I'll sleep on it," she thought. "Moth-er always said, 'Sleep bringeth counsel,' and I've proved it a true saying, time and again."

So intent had the two women been upon their talk and their work that they had not noticed the gathering snow-storm until now.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Parkinson, in a dismayed tone.

"Never mind," said Miss Jepson, cheerfully. "We'll have our supper, and, if it don't hold up, you can stay all night. I should admire to have you."

They moved the table over by the stove, lighted the lamp, and thoroughly enjoyed their supper. The tea was kept hot on the stove within easy reach, the biscuit were light beyond compare, the little

meat dish was savory, and the sugar-cakes crisp, while Miss Jepson felt an added glory from Cousin Jared's wife's delicious plums.

"I'm proper glad you are here, Maria," said she; "for I'm always lonesome in a storm, for all I've lived so many years alone."

"So am I," said the widow; "for my troubles seem twice as big when the wind howls, and I sit there all alone, with not even a cat to speak to."

They washed the dishes in company, and, as the storm grew worse, Mrs. Parkinson gave up the idea of going home, and it could not be denied they felt a sense of comfort and companionship neither had experienced for a long time. After they had retired in the cozy bedroom, opening directly out of the "living-room," Miss Jepson remained awake for a long time, turning over in her mind the matter which had occurred to her in the afternoon.

"I'll do it," said she to herself, at last. "We are told the Lord 'setteth the solitary in families,' and one aint a family no way you can fix it," and then she went to sleep.

"Maria," said she at breakfast the next morning, "it has been borne in upon me the past night that the best thing you can do is to come up here and live altogether. Here we are, two poor, lonesome bodies, with no one to do a hand's turn for us, except what a neighbor might do out of charity, if we were sick! I own this place, and we could halve the expense of food and fuel, and both be more comfortable." Mrs. Parkinson burst into tears.

"It's just what I've been longing for," said she. "I've often envied you this place—all your own—and such a place for a flower-bed in front, and a grape-vine would grow up in no time over that little south piazza, and most anybody would give you a cutting for the asking."

"So they would," said Miss Jepson, admiringly; "and I never thought of it!

You're a master hand for flowers, and your plants would flourish in that west window beautifully."

So the matter was settled. Miss Jepson, who was nothing if not energetic, would brook no delay, and the moving was accomplished at once. Mr. Burleigh, on his way home to dinner, was just in time to help carry in the sewing-machine and assist in removing the voluminous wrappings from the cherished plants.

"This is a hearty sight," said he, looking around. "It is the most sensible thing you could do."

"And I never should have thought of it," said Miss Jepson, "if your wife hadn't asked me to tea night before last."

"My dear," said Mr. Burleigh to his wife, "our 'Once one is one' has already become 'Twice one is two,'" and he told her all about it.

"The very next is 'Three times one are three,'" said Fred, oracularly.

"Perhaps that will come, too," said his father, laughingly. And it really did.

* * * * *

Miss Jepson and Mrs. Parkinson were as comfortable as possible all winter. The cost of living was lessened for each. The housekeeping was comfort now where it was drudgery before, and it became worth while for each to take her turn in preparing savory little dishes, that cost next to nothing, when there was some one to share and to praise.

When the snow was gone and the grass began to grow green again, Miss Jepson called on the Burleighs one night just after tea.

"I have come," she began, "to ask your opinion on a little matter Maria and I had in our minds. What do you think of our taking Beulah Merrill? There don't seem to be any one else to do it, though Mr. Merrill's son by his first wife did write to say we could send her out there to Kansas by express. Said his wife felt the need of some one to help take

care of the twins; and if she kites hither and yon as much as she did when she was on here two years ago, I should think likely she did. But it aint borne in upon me, nor yet upon Maria, that it would be any fitting place for Beulah. She's a sensible little thing for ten year old, and as biddable a child as ever was. Maria and I were in there consider'ble, off' and on, when her mother was sick, and we took to Beulah, and she to us."

"She will be a great comfort to you," said Mr. Burleigh, "if you can compass the expense. Is there anything left after the funeral is paid for?"

"Well, we've studied it all out. There's the interest of her father's life insurance comes to about forty dollars a year. And I've got good things that were our girls' laid by, and some of my own that I haven't felt like wearing late years; but they've been taken care of, and they'll come out like new. There is one blue merino, that was my sister Ellen's, that I've got all pictured out in my mind just how it will look on Beulah. And there's the room out of our bedroom that I've always used for a lumber-room! There's two windows and a good closet in it, and, between us, we can furnish it. Mrs. Gilman says we are real presumptuous to think of it; but I told her I'd fetched up five younger than I was, and I wasn't but seventeen when I begun. And they were all likely young men and women, and church members, every one, when the Lord saw fit to take 'em, one after another! And now Maria's and mine are all dead and gone; and here is Beulah, set right down in our path—seems so—and I believe the Lord put her there for a sign and a token that we are to take her in and do for her."

"So do I," said Mr. Burleigh, heartily; "and, if you undertake it, there will be a way provided to carry it through."

"To tell the plain truth, Mrs. Burleigh," said the spinster, "I've been han-

kering to do for a child ever since I overhauled your mending-basket that day last winter. I expect Maria and I will act like a child with a new doll; but, if folks see fit to laugh at us, why, they can. We are going to make little Beulah laugh if we can; she's been sober long enough. And it's all owing to your offering me a share of just what you had, without making any extra fuss, that day when I was so blue and lonesome, partly with the work not being ready and partly with liv-

ing alone, till I was as cold as an iceberg, and about as much use in the world! So, if Beulah turns out well, you can take part of the credit; for it was that cup of tea, that I hadn't heart to go home and make for myself, that thawed me out."

"My dear," said Mr. Burleigh, when they were alone, "we will always remember with Fred, after this, that the beginning of the table is 'Once one is one,' and we'll let the Lord take care of the higher numbers."

REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

COMMERCIAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

THE Commercial Temperance League, which is one of the most widely extended of the groups of Tens, has sustained a severe loss in the death of the secretary of the Central Ten, Mr. Gatchell. He was a gentleman of great public spirit who freely gave his admirable business ability to the public service. He was earnestly interested in the cause of temperance and had he lived would have rendered good service in organizing the great work of the clubs which correspond with the New York Centre. The Central Ten will soon choose his successor and the corresponding Tens may in the meanwhile address Mr. C. O. Le Count, 280 Broadway, New York, or Mr. S. A. Haines, 90 Chambers street, New York.

The Central Ten has issued a circular asking for correspondence and, indeed, for action on the subject of personal effort in temperance among individuals. such work as was done by the old-fashioned Washingtonian movement. If any local secretary has not received this leaflet, it is by mistake and it will be forwarded to him if he will address a line to either of the gentlemen named above.

SALISBURY, CONN.

ON Tuesday, April 5, 1887, thirteen young girls met at the Parsonage to plan for some Christian study, and work together. It was decided to band themselves under the name, The King's Daughters, a part of an organization recently started in New York, and now rapidly growing. The object of this little band is Christian Growth and Christian Work. They wear a purple ribbon, a royal color, as becomes Children of a King, and a Maltese Cross, bearing the inscription "In His Name," the old Waldensian motto.

Furthermore the spirit of the Daughters is illustrated in the adoption of the so-called "Harry Wadsworth motto":

Look up and not down:—
Look forward and not back:—
Look out and not in,
Lend a Hand.

The Daughters meet fortnightly. Once a month a devotional meeting is held at the Parsonage. Once a month a working session is held with Mrs. Robbins. It is planned to enter into some instructive study the coming spring, in connection with the work.

Some of the Daughters went out by twos in the spring, as the Saviour sent

his disciples, and read to the sick and aged.

September 17th, a box filled by the Daughters was sent to the Child's Hospital, Albany, containing pictures, books, toys, and other articles made or collected by them. 264 in all.

They were busied during the fall in preparing gifts for poor children, to be placed on the various Christmas trees. About twenty dolls were dressed, and other pretty things made.

A "birthday jug" is also being filled as fast as the birthdays come around, and some of the small expenses have been met by them.

At this writing the meetings have been interrupted by the prevailing sickness, but they will be resumed in due season.

The Daughters have adopted a text, though they are willing that others should use it too. It is:

"Let us not be weary in well doing."

One of the King's Daughters, having gone to West Virginia, has started another society of the same name at Kingwood. May all blessing attend this far-away little *Granddaughter*.

In a report read at the "Camp-fire" they closed by saying: "The King's Daughters would like to be known to this community as ready at any time, and in any way, to do service for their King. In His Name they are glad to lend a hand to any whom they can aid."

OSKALOOSA, IOWA.

[We spoke of this society in an earlier number and are now glad to give the report which has been sent to us.]

The society was organized last March among the young women connected with the First M. E. Church or Sunday-school.

The first work undertaken was to seek out neglected children (clothe them if necessary) and bring them to Sunday-school. Something has been done in that way, but it is not known exactly how many have been helped.

We have given some musical and literary entertainments from time to time to raise money for our work and now have about fifty dollars in the treasury.

Our meetings during the summer months were not very well attended, but with the coming of cooler weather there has been more enthusiasm. We have decided now to meet once a month on Sunday afternoon and after short devotional exercises to spend an hour in discussing ways and means to "lend a hand."

Some of the girls teach in the Industrial School, which meets on Saturday afternoons. The object of the school is to teach girls from destitute families plain sewing and something of housework.

Our "Daughters" are of all ages, from sixteen to perhaps fifty, although our organization in the beginning looked rather to helping the young women to realize the meaning of Ten Times One.

We are anxious to have some younger girls from about fourteen to sixteen begin some "lend a hand" work and hope, before long, to report that they have done so.

This winter we are working to raise money to buy a new organ for the church, but shall try not to forget to look after the little folks we first took on our hands.

WALTHAM, MASS.

THE King's Daughters of the Waltham Guild aim to share their pleasures and helps with invalids and "shut-ins."

They have a small loan library, from which books are sent by mail to invalids, postage being furnished by the Guild for that purpose when the receiver cannot meet the expense. Leaflets and papers are often sent away. A scrap-book paper, compiled of pasted clippings contributed by the Guild, is also monthly sent to those receiving books.

At present the members are engaged in publishing one number of a magazine called *Our Hospital*. By selling this magazine at twenty-five cents a copy, the Guild hope to receive enough money to

maintain a free bed for one year in the Waltham Hospital.

The magazine will contain several excellent articles, among which special mention should be made of "A Message to the King's Daughters," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, a poem by Thomas Hill, D. D., a scholarly contribution on the Origin and Significance of the German Christmas tree by Professor Carla Wenckebach.

All invalids who would like to have our library books, and all who would like by buying a magazine to "lend a hand in His name," are requested to write to Miss French, 566 Main street, Waltham, Mass.

FLUSHING, L. I.

TO-MORROW my little class of children who belong to the "Twenty Minutes Society" are going to make "comfort-bags" such as you mention in the February editorial.

Yesterday, I heard of a child in a mission school who on being asked, "What does Lent mean?" answered, "to work for others!" Not a theological reply, doubtless, but surely most Christ-like in spirit.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

I WILL tell you as nearly as possible what the Ten Times One Club has done since October, 1887.

We thought it best to make useful and fancy articles for a sale just before Christmas as we needed money to carry on our work. We had a cake and candy sale in November, making about fifteen dollars. This gave us money to buy the material for our Christmas sale.

At the Church Society fair the Ten Times One Club had a table and took in about thirty-three dollars, clearing over eighteen dollars. We do not join the Church Society as a branch because we prefer to have an independent organization.

Working for the Christmas sale took so

much time that we did not succeed in sending away a box to one of the hospitals. We sent, however, a nice dinner to a very poor German family, of roast beef and all the vegetables, bread, etc. Then we sent some lovely flowers to our minister's wife, who has been very sick.

We are spending about ten dollars a year to pay for the books of a little girl who otherwise could not go to school.

We resume our regular meetings this month and begin immediately to sew for this poor German family. The baby is in great need of warm clothes.

The girls took all the responsibility of trimming the church this year for Christmas.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

OUR society was organized November 14, 1880. We meet the second Sunday of every month in the church parlor. We pay in a small sum as yearly dues, which goes through the Women's Board. Last year we sent five dollars towards organizing a girls' school in Micronesia. We occasionally have an entertainment. Once Mr. Leach lectured for us.

The club cannot fail to be interested in the article we printed on Micronesia in the March LEND A HAND and we call the attention of the clubs who have given to that mission to it.

PEOPLE who are forming clubs or are interested in the Ten Times One work are requested to address all letters of inquiry to Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lawrence avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Whitman is the central secretary of the clubs and will gladly give information or help in forming them. It is also especially desirable that all clubs based on the Wadsworth mottoes which have not sent in their names should do so, in order that the list of clubs may be as complete as possible.

Intelligence.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

BY ISABELL C. BARROWS.

Forty years ago a little company of earnest women, with a few men of broad and generous sympathies, formed a society for securing more rights for women. A "Woman's Rights Convention" was held, at which the world looked askance. How has the little one become a thousand! The fortieth anniversary of that convention was celebrated in Washington the last week in March, and there was no building in that city large enough to hold the crowds that gladly paid their fifty or twenty-five cents to get in. On the opening services on Sunday, which were free, people came away from the opera house by the score and the hundred, long before the hour of opening, because every seat was taken. Delegates officially chosen came from every part of the land and many from various countries in Europe. Hundreds of self-appointed representatives of women's organizations were also there, so that the hotels were full and the streets were noticeably lively with the coming and going of women in the neighborhood of the Riggs hotel and Albaugh's opera house.

Though the celebration was in honor of the first attempt to secure the ballot for women, this Council took a much wider range. A few of the speakers were not thoroughly convinced that it is expedient to grant full suffrage to women, or were not so sure as were others that its exercise would bring in the kingdom of heaven. But, no matter what their views, they were free to express them, and all opin-

ions were received with a gracious courtesy most charming to behold. The great weight of opinion was, however, wholly in favor of woman's suffrage, and among the speakers was one at least who said that the hearty approval which she gave was the first that she had ever ventured to utter in public. But, with great self-repression, the leaders allowed all the week to pass, before devoting a session to reminiscences and jubilee at the progress which has been made in this direction in the mind of the public. The various subjects treated did not necessarily touch the ballot-box, though there were few who did not acknowledge the power which they believed would come to women in all spheres with the exercise of political suffrage.

The opening day was devoted to a religious service in which Rev. Annie Shaw preached an admirable sermon.

At the second session, Monday, when "Education" was the theme, there were addresses by May Wright Sewall, principal of the Girls' Classical School of Indianapolis, brimming over with valuable statistics; by Ramabai, the "beloved Hindoo," as the *Woman's Tribune* called her; on Kindergartens, by Sarah B. Cooper, of California; a delightful paper by Louisa Reed Stowell, reviewing the progress of women in the way of mental training; one on Co-education by Rena A. Michaels, Ph. D., and one on "College Fellowships for Women," by Cora A. Benneson, L.L. D., of Bryn Mawr.

One session was given to "Philanthropies." This included a paper on "The Work of Unitarian Women." This was the only purely denominational title on the list, but that was neither the fault of the Council nor of the Unitarians. All denominations having organizations of women were invited to send delegates with reports of what they had accomplished. The evangelical societies refused, fearing, apparently, to take part in what looked like a suffrage convention. The Unitarians promptly accepted the invitation, chose a delegate and her report was made with the expectation of hearing similar reports from all the older and larger religious bodies of women doing missionary work. The Universalists and the Baptists sent representatives also, but not in time to appear on the preliminary programme. The Grand Army women had their delegate, who made an address. Prison work was represented in an address, in French, by the devoted Madame Bogelot, director of certain branches of reform in the prison of Saint Lazare, Paris. Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney spoke on hospitals, Mrs. A. S. Quinton on Indian work, Miss Clara Barton on the Red Cross and Miss H. N. Morris on "Missionary Work." The evening was given up to Temperance with, of course, Miss Willard at the front, strong, pure and convincing in her utterance. It was certainly an inspiration that prompted the W. C. T. U. to secure her as their leader. The names of eight of her coadjutors appeared on the programme for that night and it was a worthy meeting.

When "Industries" came up the opera house rang with the melodious voice of Mrs. Livermore in a carefully prepared address on "The Industrial Gains of Women." Anna M. Worden, "Worthy Master of Vineland Grange," told about granges; Hulda B. Loud, of "Women in the Knights of Labor," seconded by Mrs. Barry on the same subject, and Mrs. Esther L. Warner, who spoke from long and

successful experience on "Women as Farmers." Certainly a woman who owns a farm a mile square ought to know the ins and outs of this subject. "The Professions" was a subject on which educators, lawyers, clergy-women, journalists and doctors talked. "Organization" brought out addresses from Julia Ward Howe, Mary F. Eastman, Abby Morton Diaz, and delegates from Finland and Denmark. "Legal Conditions" introduced another delegate from abroad, Mrs. Scatterd, of England, likewise Alice C. Fletcher, who spoke of the "Legal Conditions of Indian Women." On Friday the subject of "Social Purity" was considered and the session was admirable, with nine addresses from reverent, earnest and wise women, among them Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of England, whose life is consecrated to saving young girls. By Friday evening "The Political Conditions of Women" rightfully came in for their share of discussion and Saturday was given up to "The Pioneers." Sunday's sessions closed this remarkable week.

The meeting is but the first of similar gatherings. It seems as if the glory of this can be rarely surpassed. It was remarkable that all went so smoothly, from the complex railroad arrangements to the seating of the guests in the theatre. The admirable plans, so nearly perfect, reflect great credit on the officers. Another striking feature was the publication of a daily edition of the *Woman's Tribune* by Mrs. C. B. Colby, containing a full report of each day's proceedings. Any woman, and especially any man, who is interested in knowing exactly what was said on these great subjects has only to send forty cents to Mrs. Colby, Beatrice, Nebraska, to secure the full set. For wonderful as it seems this bright and brave little woman transferred her editorial desk for the time being from Nebraska to Washington. If any woman in the Council deserves success it is she.

It is impossible, in a sketch like this, even to mention the names of those taking part. There were over seventy-five on the programme. But one can at least thank God and take courage. The most evident fact was that progress, culture and freedom have developed women,

physically, mentally and spiritually. It would be hard to find a body of people more earnest, devout, single-minded and more sincerely devoted to the highest good of the human race in every direction than the women who gathered at the first International Council.

BOSTON SOUTH END INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

A PUBLIC meeting was held in Boston, March 6th, where a report of the South End Industrial School for the past year was given and spirited addresses were made by Rev. Fr. Osborne, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Mr. Horton and Mr. Fallère.

The school has now been in operation five years, and the effect is seen to be beneficial not only to the neighborhood, but to many families more remote, whose children make great effort to attend. The departments include sewing, dress-making, millinery, cooking, designing, drawing, carpentry and printing.

From these different classes, the pupils graduate ready to enter service where they can command excellent wages or to carry on the home life with more order and neatness and less expense than ever before. This statement is not made from a general idea that this should be the outcome of the school, but from a knowledge of the many cases where it has really happened.

The school is entirely unsectarian and we find both Protestant and Roman Catholic children in all the departments. Neither does it confine any one branch of teaching to one sex. A class in cooking has been established for boys, which promises great success. The first lesson was how to make a chowder, which the boys were taught to do from the selecting and purchasing of the fish to the serving of the chowder for dinner.

The speakers at the annual meeting dwelt at length upon the necessity of cultivating a greater respect for manual la-

bor. The young people of the present generation are apt to attach too much importance to an exquisite handwriting and think that in mechanical copying there is more respectability than in the work which requires deft hands and active brains.

In a school like this, where thoughtful care is exercised in the selection of teachers and a homelike influence permeates all the departments, little by little the children show in gentler manners, in more prompt obedience, and in neater dress and care of the person, that a new life is opening to them. The officers have reason to be proud of the manly young men and true principled young girls who, during the past five years, have gone forth into the world armed and equipped for the battle of life. They are quite different from the children who come for this instruction, and side by side with those who were their former playmates the contrast is great. One with full confidence in the powers which have been developed in him, refined by contact with refined people, ready to enter into the places which are always open to a trained hand and practiced eye; the other with only a general feeling that the "world owes him a living," no knowledge of his own capabilities, no experience, few ideas of politeness and refinement, careless in dress. He goes from place to place seeking the work which he can do at prices too small to tell, but ample for the unskilled and unprofitable labor which he can perform.

DIME SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

IN the November, 1887, number of LEND A HAND, in an article headed "Improv-
providence," we printed the circular of this Association in Indianapolis.

We have just now received a report of nine months work, which we gladly give to our readers.

The Dime Savings and Loan Association is bearing good fruit. It was organized April 12, 1887. It will be remembered that its principal object was to carry the benefits of the building association idea to those who are not generally reached. It was to become a public educator in the matter of savings. Many of those who have been reached are under the care of the Charity Organization Society; others are boys and men who work in the factories or elsewhere. The design included the collection of small savings at the homes and offices of the members.

The total number of members up to the first of January is 210, representing 551 shares; of these, twenty-one members, representing 118 shares, are sustaining members. These are the original incorporators, and their funds are left in the treasury as a capital. The withdrawing members number 189, representing 433 shares; these may withdraw their amounts at will. Of the total number of withdrawing members, sixty-one, representing 161 shares, have withdrawn their deposits, which amount to \$537. There are now 390 living shares and a cash balance on hand of \$749.06.

Since the opening of winter the Asso-

ciation has assisted in the purchase of coal for members at about fifty cents per ton below the market price. Many of the members have not been in the habit of saving money, and consequently cases are found where the member for the first time becomes the owner of a full load of coal. One boy was heard to exclaim, as a load of coal was dumped: "It's a whole load, and all paid for out of money I have saved in dimes!" Some of the members who, on previous winters, have received their fuel through the Township Trustee's office, are now buying their coal with savings. Instead of wheelbarrow loads of coal they are getting fuel by the ton and at lower rates than most people can command.

The Association has more than met the expectations of its founders. It has saved money for persons; it has saved money for the charity societies. It has built up habits of saving and self-respect. One father reports that his boy has become proud of his "bank account," when formerly every penny went for candy. One man drew out his money and brought it back the same day. He had learned what it was to have money to his credit, and he valued it.

Of course part of the work of the Association lies outside the circles of the poor. It touches children in the schools; it reaches many persons who are in no way dependent. It offers no inducement other than security and the lesson that laying up little by little teaches.

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA.

A CHILDREN'S ward in the Presbyterian Hospital of Philadelphia has recently been opened.

The building cost \$25,000 and was
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given by Mrs. Wanamaker as a memorial to her mother.

The donor's name was not known until the formal opening of the hospital.

REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BOSTON. Home for Aged Women. Thirty-eighth Annual Report. *President*, Andrew Cushing; *Secretary*, Henry Emmons. The object of the society is to provide a home for indigent women who are over sixty years of age and who have resided in Boston for ten years previous to application. Expenses, \$31,584.22; balance on hand, \$3,040.81.

BOSTON. Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Seventh Annual Report. *President*, John F. Andrew; *Secretary*, Frank B. Fay. The society strives to awaken interest in the abuses to which children are exposed by the intemperance, cruelty, or cupidity of parents and guardians, to help the enforcement of existing laws on the subject and procure needed legislation. Expenses, \$11,771.54.

BOSTON. Temporary Home for Working Women. Tenth Annual Report. *President*, Miss E. F. Mason; *Secretary*, Mr. Arthur Dexter. The society provides a temporary home for women where board is given in return for work. Expenses, \$6,017.10; balance on hand, \$10.45.

BOSTON. House of the Good Samaritan. Twenty-seventh Annual Report. *President*, Robert Codman; *Secretary*, Miss Anne S. Robbins. The institution gives free care and treatment to women, girls and small boys, irrespective of creed or nationality. The home is more especially designed for incurable and chronic cases. Expenses, \$12,045.00; balance on hand, \$1,415.50.

BOSTON. City Missionary Society. Seventy-first Annual Report. *President*, Arthur W. Tufts; *Secretary*, Rev. Addison P. Foster, D. D. The object is to provide religious and moral

instruction and also temporal relief to the poor. Expenses, \$19,975.88; balance on hand, \$28.37.

BOSTON. Lying-in Hospital. Fifty-fifth Annual Report. The society cares for women in confinement both in the hospital and at their own homes. Expenses, \$12,427.44; balance on hand, \$3,675.93.

BOSTON. Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. Seventeenth Annual Report. *President*, Rufus S. Frost; *Secretary*, Benjamin R. Jewell. The society strives to effect total abstinence by means of moral, educational and Christian teachings. Expenses, \$11,773.69; balance on hand, \$430.39.

CHARLESTOWN. Winchester Home Corporation for Aged Women. Twenty-second Annual Report. *President*, Liverus Hull; *Secretary*, Abram E. Cutter. The home admits women over sixty years of age who have resided in Charlestown ten years previous to application, can bring satisfactory testimonials, and who have no means or relatives to support them. Expenses, \$24,342.81; balance on hand, \$125.16.

DORCHESTER. Industrial School for Girls. Annual Report. *President*, Miss E. S. Parkman; *Secretary*, Miss F. R. Morse. The school furnishes free instruction to girls in the most necessary branches of industry. Expenses, \$4,624.06; balance on hand, \$204.81.

NEW YORK CITY. Young Women's Christian Association. Seventeenth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. Clarence E. Beebe; *Secretary*, Mrs. F. H. Bangs. The society has for its object the improvement of the temporal, social, mental, moral and religious condition of the young women of the city of New York. Expenses, \$23,721.11; balance on hand, \$160.58.

NEW BOOKS.

THE following books have been selected among the recent publications as those of most interest to persons engaged in charities and reforms:

THE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL, comprising a statement of its aims, methods and results, with figured drawings of shop exercises in woods and metals. Calvin Milton Woodward. Boston; D. C. Heath & Co.

ENGLAND'S IDEAL, and other papers on social subjects. Edward Carpenter. London; S. Sonnenschein, Lowry & Co.

THE MORALITY OF NATIONS: a study in the evolution of ethics. Hugh Taylor. London; K. Paul, Trench & Co.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION. Brooklyn; Rome Brothers (prs).

BETTER NOT. A discussion of certain social customs. J. H. Vincent. New York; Funk & Wagnalls.

PROSPERITY OR PAUPERISM? Physical, industrial and technical training. Edited by Lord Brabazon. London; Longmans, Green & Co.

LATEST DRINK SOPHISTRIES VS. TOTAL ABSTINENCE. Daniel Dorchester, D. D. Boston; Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND CONVENTION OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS. New Haven, J. C. Collins.

[The reader must not pass by this notice, as one is apt to pass by annual reports, as if of interest only to the officers of the society. It contains full stenographic reports of the speeches, and more practical information as to the details of working charities in cities than can be easily found in any one volume.]

THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH in its outlines. An exposition of Collectivism. By Laurence Gronlund, A. M. A new edition. Boston; Lee & Shepherd.

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THE NEW CHRISTIANITY. An appeal to the clergy and to all men in behalf of the life of charity. By John Ellis, M. D., New York.

THE NATIONAL SIN OF LITERARY PIRACY. By Henry Van Dyke, D. D. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons.

ESTIMATES OF POPULATION IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES. By Francis Bowditch Dexter. Worcester, Mass.; Charles Hamilton.

The *Academy* (English), No. 827, March 10, 1888, favorably reviews: "Wealth and Welfare," a politico economic treatise by Commander Hastings Berkeley, R. N., published by John Murray.

It also announces to be published immediately by Miss Hatchard "The Unemployed Problem Solved," by Egmont Hake, who has devoted much time to the study of the relations of capital and labor.

The late Mr. Cotter Morison's last book, THE SERVICE OF MAN. An essay towards the religion of the future. By James Cotter Morison. New and cheaper edition.

"A very vigorous book, which will make a sensation, and a sensation of a highly complicated kind."—*Spectator*.

"Mr. Morison has a literary style of much merit, and a power of grave and sustained eloquence."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"The book deals with some of the profoundest problems of the time, and in a tone befitting the gravity of the themes."—*Athenaeum*.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M. A., author of "Socialism: its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies Considered," and "Utopias; or, Schemes of Social Improvement from Sir Thomas More to Karl Marx."

THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER. By John Fordyce, M. A., author of "Aspects of Scepticism."